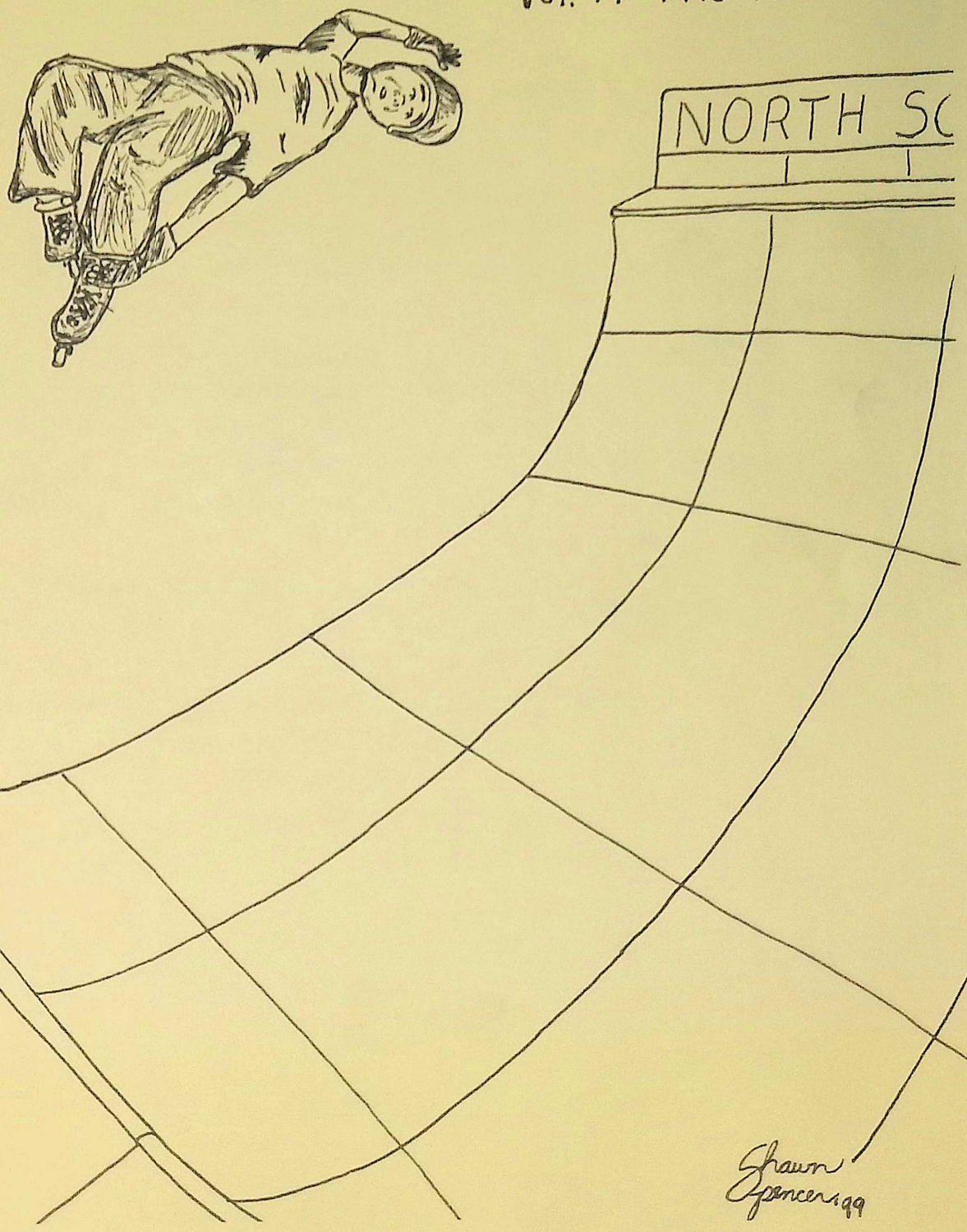
Our Point of View

Vol. 17 1998-99



Our Point of View
Volume 17
North Scott Junior High School
1998-1999

To Our Readers:

We invite you to consider Our Point of View
Some class assignments, some written for fun
a smattering of the writing we've done
These are the pages we share with you

Our memories, fantasies, and our dreams
Going back into the childhood we've passed
Holding onto shining moments to make them last
Thoughts of a world that's apart at the seams

We ask you to come along for the ride
Laugh with us, cry with us, think with us, too.
Read us and enjoy the best we can do
Now sit back, relax, and join us inside.

Sincerely,
Seventh and Eighth Grade
Language Arts Authors

They Will Never Forget

By: Carolyn Schoon

Why do they kill each other?
Students murder other students.
They run into the schools,
A place that you should feel safe.
They shoot,
There are screams,
People run.
There is terror written all over their faces.
They kill their friends, their enemies.
They kill anybody they see.
People fall,
Heroes rise.
The community lives in fear,
And the world learns of tragedy.
The dead are found.
Tears, anger and sadness arise for the loss of friends,
The loss of people.
Funerals are attended.
The students go back to school.
Life goes on,
But the memories of that day will haunt them forever.
Will they ever be able to forgive?
Will they ever feel safe again?

Are Our Schools Really Safe?

Lately, there's been a lot of things in the news about the shootings that have been happening. I have decided to address the topic and the question that everybody is dying (excuse the wording) to find out about- "could it happen here?". My opinion is that it couldn't happen here. This kind of thing only happens on occasion. There is a slim to none chance that it would happen even close to here. It happens when people have too much stress building up in their lives to the point that they snap. Most people know how to handle their, but this is what happens when they don't know how.

It has much to do with social things. The people who would do this are people who are shunned by society. They usually aren't very good at making friends. My opinion is that these people aren't accepted by most, or even any, social groups. They would live to hate people. The shooting in Colorado also had to do with social problems. The athlete was shot just because he played sports. He didn't do anything wrong, he was shot because the shooter didn't like athletes- probably because he wasn't accepted into their group either.

In my opinion, this whole thing has to do with stress, also. My thoughts are that there was probably too much stress in their life. They were making the wrong decision on how to handle their problems, and it all turned out terribly. There are so many pressures and they just snapped. Deciding what college to go to, being accepted by friends, getting good grades, trying to make the team, etc. They let it build up inside them until the point that they just blew up. That's still not a good reason to resort to murder.

It also has to do with racial unacceptability. They shot someone just because he was black. Our country is very racist. We can't accept that everyone is different. If someone is different from the rest of the group, then they are mocked and teased by their peers. If someone is too large, too small, too short, too tall... there's all kind of things that people get excluded for. None of this can be helped. It's no one's fault if they are different, everyone is. We're all different, and some people can't accept that. The shooters were considered different from everyone else, so they weren't accepted. They decided to get back at the people that were different from them.

I think I should get back to the topic, though. I think that we have a very safe school. We have to check in and out just to go to appointments. It would be very hard to get a gun into this school undetected. I think that the system we have at this school is very safe. People would notice it, too. Either the person's friends would find out or be told. It would be very hard to keep it a secret at school.

The media makes it sound a lot worse than it really is. They say that it happens all of the time. It is very rare that this happens, it only does every once in a while. This kind of thing has only happened a few times so far. It has gotten a little worse, but not to the point that the media stretches it.

The media isn't only saying how bad that this is, but they are also trying to blame everyone for this. If you listen to a broadcast, you will hear how many different people that they blame. In Colorado, they put a lot of the blame on the police. They were saying how long it took for them to get there and how they waited to try and enter the building. The police were doing the best they could, though. They were being shot at from up above, and were waiting until it was safer to enter the building. They were doing all they could to remain safe.

The blame will also go to the parents. People will wonder how the parents didn't know something was up. How could they get a gun? How could you let this happen? Didn't you know there was something terribly wrong? All the time they are just trying to blame someone. They are trying to figure why and how it happened, when they really need to figure out how to stop it from happening again. We are so caught up in finding out what went wrong, we won't see it happen in other cities and town. It is no one's fault, either. It is a lot of things building up in the kid's system until he snaps. If they would just look around and see what's happening in front of them, they could better prevent this.

In conclusion, I think that we are safe from this tragedy. I don't think that anyone has that much stress in our school. I don't think that it is that big of a problem that we have to really worry about it either. Everyone's trying to blame people and find out what went wrong. They should just try to prevent this from happening the best they can. If everyone looks out for people who are having problems, then we will be safe. Therefore, I don't think that we have to worry . We are very safe, and I'm sure it will remain that way in the future.
Corey Kendrick

The Memory I Treasure Most
By: Scottie Braden

One of the memories that I will treasure for ever and ever, is helping out at the Special Olympics. It was a very much needed, valuable, and fun experience for me. It helped me to put my problems in perspective. After talking to and spending the day with these people, it made me realize that everything I worry about and get mad over is pointless compared to their worries and problems. They have some of the best personalities. They never judge anyone by how they look, how they walk, or how they talk. They just want to be friends with everyone. That is the kind a atmosphere that everyone loves to be around, but with today's society, it's hard to come by. I think that everyone should at sometime in their life help out with events like this, helping people that have disabilities, because once you see how good you really have it, you will appreciate what you have. I really had a good time and hope to help again next year.

Day at the Ballpark

On a Saturday afternoon, the crowd cheering, "Do it. Do it."
The coach saying, "If you do it, you'll lose it for us.
I stepped up to the plate and looked at my teammates
telling me, "Go for it."
Then looking at my coach.
The look on his face frightened me,
but I did it anyway!
I looked at the pitcher.
She looked at me.
She threw the ball.
I hit it.
I looked at it flying. Then I realized I wasn't running, so I ran.
I got to first. I still saw the ball in the outfield, so I ran to second.
The ball was out in leftfield, so I ran to third and passed it.
Going to home.
The ball was in the second baseman's hand.
She saw me and threw the ball to the catcher.
But it got there too late.
I had already
slid
home.

GRAND SLAM

By: Christy Good

A Close Up of a Few of My Memories

I smiled and threw white and pink flower petals as I walked down the aisle as a flower girl, at my uncle's wedding.

I laughed and smiled as I opened the barking box at Christmas, when I finally got my Dalmatian puppy at the age of seven.

I was screaming my head off, while I felt the urge to vomit, when I first rode a rollercoaster at Walt Disney World when I was nine.

I waved and yelled "Bon Voyage," as our cruise ship left Florida, heading off to the Nassau Island in the Bahamas, when I was eleven.

I was shaking and sweating as I stepped up to the microphone, to sing my solo in the sixth grade music concert.

I stroked my baby cousin's soft blond hair, as he quietly slept, sucking his thumb.

I smiled and had tears of happiness when I received my grand champion trophy with my Jersey bucket calf, Magic, when I was twelve.

My face was dripping with sweat, and me knees shook, as the judge placed me as first, at the 4-H Iowa State Fair, during the Junior showmanship class.

I smiled hard when all the pictures were being taken, when my basketball team won its first tournament.

I scratched all of my 121 bug bites as I lay down in our tent, when I was camping in Minnesota.

I laid next to my pony, curled up in a ball, crying, and frozen in shock, when I discovered he was dead.

I clung to my mom when we were driving to the hospital, while she told me that Grandpa was dying.

My knees and hands were shaking with fear as I walked down the long hallway to get to my locker on the first day of seventh grade.

I had tears running down my face, and hanging on to my mom's hand as we walked slowly through the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.

I smiled happily when I placed in two classes, at my first show with my new horse, Alasta Buddy.

Stacy Gruenhagen
May 5, 1999

Just A Few Things....

Many things come from life, all sorts of sad and happy things
The best things are things that happiness brings.
Traveling for vacation or something else and seeing a bunch of new lands,
Just sitting there with a guy, talking and holding hands,
Watching a little kid's face light up while reading to them a story-book rhyme,
Holding a little, tiny baby for a very first time,
Taking a walk in the evening , stopping at the park with friends like when you were 5,
Going to dances with your friends, hanging out and doing a new little jive,
Just being somewhere with people who care about you and whom you love,
Even though once in awhile you may receive a little shove,
Most things in life are like a little treasure,
The happiness, or sadness, you don't even have to measure,
It's strange how you can be so happy one minute and so sad the next,
Or how you can be friends with a person and suddenly they can be considered an 'ex',
Things only get better as you go along though,
I like it just to 'go with the flow',
Sometimes things come as quite a surprise,
Work with another and you will rise,
And so ends my little poem,
You may now get back to your jolly old home.

Danielle Ploessl, pd. 4

That Stupid Dog

I was playing in the snow, just having fun
When the dog took my glove, and started to run
He did this a lot, and it made me mad
I felt like crying out "Look what he did Dad"
But I wasn't going to let him see me like that
I can catch him, he is slow, and fat!
So I chased him around and around
He thought it was a game, but I just frowned
I finally got the glove from that stupid dog
He ripped a hole in it, what a hog
My mom fixed that, she sewed them to my sleeves
That will fix him, I believe
But that didn't stop him, no not at all
He still tried to get that glove, and me, well I'd fall
He pulled and pulled, he wouldn't stop
Once or twice I gave him a bop
He doesn't do it anymore, he is pretty old
His leg also hurts him, especially in the cold
He is still alive, and used to be such a hog
His name is Luke, now my favorite dog

Rocky Warren

10 If's

If I could go anywhere in the U.S.A.....I would go to Cape Canaveral in Florida to see the old Apollo, Mercury, and Gemini relics on display.

If I could do anything in the U.S.A.....I would fly the new F-22 Raptor at Edward's AFB.

If I could see anything in the U.S.A.....I would see Area 51 at Groom Lake. NV to see if it really exists.

If I could be anyone in the U.S.A.....I would be a pilot in the 1st Tactical Fighter Wing of the U.S.A.F.

If I could watch anything in the U.S.A.....I would watch a Korn concert at the Madison Square Gardens.

If I could create anything in the U.S.A.....I would create a spaceship capable of speeds close to light.

If I could get rid of anything in the U.S.A.....I would get rid of the nuclear waste being stored in salt mines in the Southwest.

If I could have anything to the U.S.A.....I would have 10% of Bill Gate's fortune.

If I could meet anyone in the U.S.A.....I would meet the President.

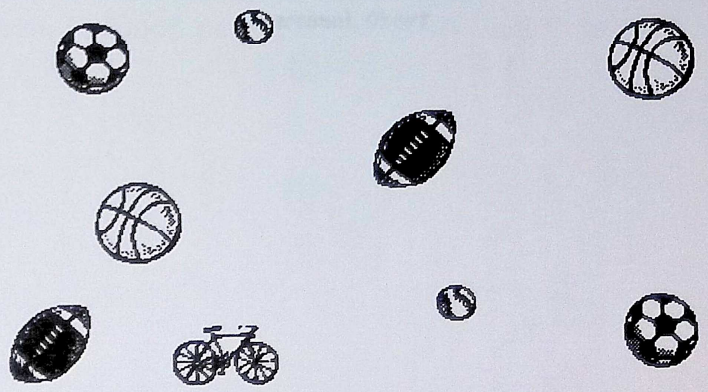
If I could know anything in the U.S.A.....I would know all secrets the U.S.A. government or related agencies had ever kept.

Tony Duytschaever

Sports

All it is, is just a game,
but you might go on to fame.
If you want to, you must work hard,
you might be on your own trading card.
Soccer doesn't delight me,
and I don't own a golf tee.
Football is my favorite sport.
I'm not very good on the basketball court.
It doesn't matter if you're number one.
It only matters if you're having fun.

Brian Bjurstrom



Like

By:JJ Suiter

I like to play, I like to run.
I like to have lots of fun.
I like it when I get a new toy,
it brings me lots of joy.
I like to jump, I like to drive.
I like to throw rocks at a bee hive.
I like to ride on a bike,
but I don't like to hike.
I like kids who are funny,
I also like to watch Bugs Bunny.
Now that I am done,
I will go have some fun.

Me

This is something you don't usually see coming from me
The outside shell is what you usually see
I don't always show who I really am
I sometimes give someone a big slam
Even when I am snobby and mean
Inside I am really keen
I probably feel really bad
Inside I could even be sad
Sad because I have hurt you
And maybe didn't even mean to
That is usually the case
Someone getting upset like that is a big disgrace
So I close to say...
Just understand, when I say something that hurts you, don't take it personal, Okay?

Stephanie Martin

BUTTERFLY

A butterfly is a pretty little thing
It has two very pretty wings
I do think
Sometimes they wink
Just to show how beautiful they are
They can fly really far
They can go wherever they want
They sometimes flaunt
Sometimes I wish that I were one
I think it would be so much fun
To fly around all day
The only bad thing is that you couldn't say
ANYTHING

Divorce

By: Marie Mueller

Hearing them yell, watching them fight.
Falling asleep thinking about him every night.
Watching him leave, not knowing if he was going to return.
Ever day I look for him, around every corner, every turn.
Thinking it was all my fault, crying on my mother's lap.
Maybe I should have "Daddy's Girl" printed on my baseball cap.
Everyday I wait, hoping, wishing he would call.
I really feel it was unfair of him to leave us all.

BASEBALL
By:
John Chapin

In the Hitmen baseball
I am so great
no one could ever beat my trait
I hit the ball
like Mark Grace
And I also play first base

It is real fun
but I don't like to run
so those lucky homers
Are like four leaf clovers

John's dream

The boy dribbles around the guy while he dives at him.

He takes fast steps trying to get past the other team.

The boy loses control of the ball and bounces on his foot.

The boy passes the ball to a team mate.

The time on the clock moves down fast.

He looks up to check the clock.

He throws a buzzer beater.

It makes a swoosh as it goes in.

By Jacob Hintze

Memories

The brown, slimy mud scratched my leg as I slid through the mud in the mud slid on 1995.

I was so nervous as I stood in the warm pool of Holy water with all eyes peering on me as I received Baptism.

The brick building looked so huge as I stepped of the yellow bus, and into the school on the first day of school.

Ice cold tears ran down my mother's pale face and into my soft brown hair as she told me that her and my dad were getting divorced.

Smiling faces filled the stands of the hot gym as we began our first concert for choir.

The long bus trip was worth the ride as we walked through the large city of Washington DC. talking and laughing the whole way.

The bubbles popped in my brothers face as I blew what seemed like millions of bubbles into is chubby little face.

Sweat ran down my red face as our team received the blue and gold trophies for winning the championship soft ball game.

The white sheets of music moved slowly and swiftly as we loudly and proudly played at our first band concert.

My eyes filled with tears and my heart shattered into millions of pieces when I found out that my Grandfather had a heart attack.

I stopped dead in my tracks as I herd a sneaky noise behind me, and jumped as my dad picked me off my feet and into the chilled air.

I hid oh so quiet as the babysitter ran through the house in terror wondering were on earth could a seven year old hide that she hasn't checked.

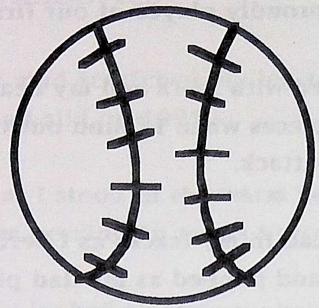
The pain of the infected red scab almost a week after falling off of my bike at the age of five.

The cold air hit my face as I flew down the slick ski sloop.

The responsibility of babysitting the crying kindergartner as his mother left the old dark house.

By Amber Macumber

THE BASEBALL POEM



It was a Saturday afternoon,
I was playing baseball with my friends,
The score was all tied up,
And I was up,
And he pitched me a change up,
that ball cleared the fence by a mile,
or so it seemed,
my whole team started to scream,
the visitors on the other hand,
became bitter and mean,
But I said a few words to cheer them up,
It's just a game,
don't get so worked up,
that night we had a party,

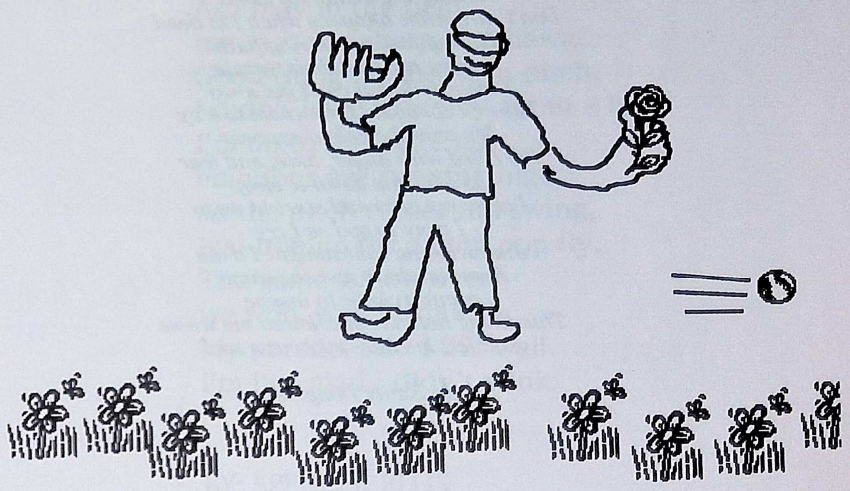
Because we were the champions.

By Kyle Schroeder

Picken' Dandelions

I used to play rightfield all the time.
It was funner to pick Dandilions.
So I did.
Every now and then a ball came to me.
I watched it go by.
My coach got mad.
That was cool.

By Brian Boeding



Corruption

Seeping in so easily
Stabbing the soul deep within me
feeding the evil in my head
Don't care what happens when I'm dead
Hating love and loving hate
Feeling my soul disintegrate
I want help but can't get away
The evil thoughts have come to stay
My cries for help disappear
I'm filled with anger, hate, and fear
As I lay me down to sleep
I close my eyes and start to weep
I pray to god as I cry
Just wishing that tonight I'd die
Every night is just the same
coming closer to insane
This living hell has swallowed me whole
And left me here without a soul

By:Emily Douglass

MY FIRST GAME

My arms shake,
is it fear, or pride.
If I mess up or slip,
I just want to hide.
The ump says play ball,
no turning back now.
I'm suddenly not nervous,
I think to myself, WOW!
As I play in the field,
my eyes are sharp as a hawk.
Good thing it was coach pitch,
I didn't have to worry about a balk.
I'm up to the plate now,
emotions are running high.
As the pitch comes in I swing,
just hoping for a long pop fly.
The game is now over,
we won, well I think.
My parents said I did well,
I'm just glad I didn't stink.

BY: SPENCER ELLIS

Why all the pain?

Have you ever wondered why we are all so different?
Thought of why some pick on others,
or why others allow the picking?
I can't quite seem to figure out why others pick
on everyone that is different from them
I mean, sure, we're all different, but does the difference
matter all that much?
And when they poke fun, do they really know why they
are doing it,and how much it hurts?
It hurts so much, and most of the time is taken too
lightly
Every time someone is picked on I want to cry,
because slowly see the smile disappear,
or the tears fall down their faces as the jeers
continue.
Why should the ones being hurt have to be afraid to be,
afraid to come to school,
afraid to try to stop the hurt!
having to hide away,
hiding such a good person,
pushing the pain and anger away,
afraid that if they say something the jeers will get
worse.
I don't get it we all have to be different, but we should
not have to be afraid to be ourselves.

By: Maggie Kelly

ACCIDENT

4 years old.
Living in an apartment.
My mom sitting on the couch.
I'm playing in the laundry room.
I went to pick up a glass bottle!
OOPS!
I dropped it and it shattered everywhere.
Unfortunately a piece got stuck in my leg.
My mom runs in yelling and screaming!
My red sleeper was covered in blood!
My mom took me to my room and gave me a span ken!
She thought the blood was pop.
She took my sleeper off and she saw the blood.
She rushed me to the hospital!
I got stitched up.
I bet my mom felt pretty stupid!

BY NIKKI FERDEN

My First Time in an Ambulance

It started out as any normal day, I went to kindergarten then in the middle of the day I went to day care. After lunch a few kids and I decided to play hide and go seek. Three of the kids were it, a boy with light blond hair and blue eyes, a girl with freckles and pigtails that bounced when she laughed, and another boy with brown hair and big curious brown eyes. They counted to one hundred then they all got into a group and searched under the tables and around the toys.

I hid behind the plastic kitchenet. When they weren't looking I ran to find a different hiding spot. I looked to make sure they weren't looking and I ran! As I was looking at the other kids I ran into the corner of a shelf. It split my head right in the middle. I started screaming and I felt my head because it was wet and sticky; my hand was covered with blood. My head was throbbing with pain. It was a dull pain that got worse the longer that I had it.

Miss Penny helped me up and took me to the nurse's office. The nurse called 911 and she found some gayze and wrapped it around my head. The firemen and policemen came and waited with me for the ambulance to come. One of the firemen pointed out all of the animals on his shirt to keep me focused so I wouldn't faint.

When the ambulance came, they put me on a cot and talked to me while the ambulance drove to the hospital. I was taken into a room and they put me on another cot. The docter came in and looked at the cut. By then the blood had stopped running, and the cut didn't hurt as much. I was taken into ex-ray and the cut didn't fracture the skull. She gave me seven stitches, and they gave me lots of stickers and suckers and a teddy bear.
By: Dana Smith

A Memory of South Dakota

by Justin Nielsen

I asked, "Can we go fishing today Grandpa?"

"Yes, I guess we can. The water doesn't have white caps today." I went outside and pushed the fishing boat into the water and tied the rope that was on the boat to the dock. Grandpa went to the shed and got the poles and lures. He put them into the boat and got in. He started the motor, and I untied the boat from the dock. I get in and we head out to the middle of the lake. Grandpa goes to a spot on the lake that has a lot of rushes. I put down the anchor, and we started fishing with worms and bobbers. Some time passed, and Grandpa started to fish with a spinner. I got lots of nibbles but no bites. Then I felt a huge tug. I told Grandpa "I have a fish on the hook." He got the fishing net ready to get the fish. I struggled and struggled with the fish. Finally, I got it near enough for grandpa to get it with the net. That was one of the many times that Grandpa and I went fishing.

Justin Danielsen

Memories Of Places

Colorado, the Great Mountains
Florida, the warm beach
Mexico, the orphanage I stayed at
Texas, the big airport
Tennesee, my cousin's house
Chicago, the Sears Tower
Minnesota, the Mall of America
Nebraska, the fields
Missouri, the Arch
Places I have been

Untitled

By: Tiffany Shelton

I'm sorry that I told you
I'm sorry I let you see the real me
I'm sorry I dropped my guard
I'm sorry I lowered the facade
I'm sorry that I thought you would understand

You said you wanted to know me well
Now you see,and you are displeased
It frightened you that I could be serious
You said you'd always be there for me
You said you'd never hurt me

Liar

I was blind, but you could see
Playing twisted mind games with me
So naive, I played along

I pretended to be happy
While inside I was dying
Your seething unquelled rage
Smothering me, I didn't know you

You didn't know yourself

I know you now for who you really are
Not the mirage that we saw
You deceived me, as I deceived you

Now I stand before you
Naked and cold
Stripped of all protection

Exposed

No more sarcasm
Witty jokes will no longer hide me
Tears stream down my face
Because I know now that when I stand beside you

I stand alone.

Memories from My Life
by
Chelsea Newmeister

At the age of three, I stood outside of my house
a week before we moved. I hugged the corner of my home
and told it I would miss it.

The bow came loose on my floppy, stuffed bunny as I dragged
it around the living room of my grandparents' house.

I walked off the stage angrily after my first dance recital
because I didn't understand that the audience was laughing
because we were so cute.

My family sadly sat in my sister's room as we each took turns
saying good bye to my first dog, Monty, before he would be gone
from our lives forever.

I excitedly ran outside my cousins' house
to lift our brand new puppy out of the car.

I felt on top of the world as I stepped
across home plate after hitting my first home run.

My dad and I sat on the railings of the river house
as we made a game of the cars driving by.

Jessie and I climbed in the sled as we got ready to slide down
the hill in the cornfield behind her grandparents' house.

As I held my aunt's old Christmas stocking in my hand,
I thought about how we forgot to bring our own
to have on Christmas morning at Grandma's and Grandpa's.

While I stood in the half-finished family room we were adding on,
I thought about how if I was standing there
only a couple weeks ago, I would be outside.

Unbelievingly, I stared up at the torch
of the 1996 Summer Olympics. Being there felt unreal.

A small smile spreads across my face
as Mom tells me how I always screamed and cried
on Santa's lap, but I adored the Easter Bunny.

A solitary tear slid down my cheek
as I watched my cousin get married. I realized that Joy
would no longer be a Newmeister.

My softball team drove home disappointedly from Nebraska
as the last day of our regional tournament got rained out.

My memories will stay with me throughout my life.
Hopefully, even greater ones will come.

A Poem of my Life
By Ryan Griffin

White water rafting in the rolling rapids of the Colorado River.

We had fun, fun, fun, in the warmness and beauty of Cancun.

The joy of being in Soldier Field watching the Chicago Fire win.

The excitement of opening Christmas presents
on Christmas morning.

The beauty of the boundary waters filled our heads with memories.

I will never forget the bright shining lights of Las Vegas.

Our team jumped and screamed,
as we got second place in the B.S.A. Octoberfest.

I mourned as my grandfather left us for heaven.

We fled from Myrtle Beach to Key West,
when Hurricane Bertha came.

Getting to sing "Take me out to the ball Game", along with
Harry Carry at a Cubs game is something I will never forget.

Sliding on the ground kicking the ball in the back of the net,
I will never forget my first outdoor competitive soccer goal.

What should I do

By: Rachel Boock

I've made a mistake
What should I do
I've lost a friend
Now that is two
She was everything to me
And now she is gone too
Mommy what should I do
What should I do
My life was fun
But now it's hell
I've lost my best friend
I misunderstood her
Or else it was a dream
I said what I thought
But it got her mad at me
I know that I might have said things twice
All I ask is your opinion
What should I do

Hunting

by Bryan Swan

Driving on the road.
Through the grass that was mowed.
Arriving to the moat.
Take the oars and get into the boat.
Row across to the Island.
Step out into the sand.
Take the gun and prepare.
Get ready to give the deer a scare.
Walk through the dense trees.
Hear the buzzing sound of bees.
The sticks crunch under your feet.
You can already taste the tender meat.
There goes a streak of brown.
Shoot it and go back to town.
Crack!
The gun is shot.
You move and at your feet, the deer is at the spot.
Clean the deer and be on your way.
For there is another day.
Take it home and prepare to cook.
Smile at the feast and give it a closer look.
The trophy is in the family room for all to see.
It is a wonderful sight, for you and me.

Snapshots from my Life
By Bryan Ellis

At the hospital when I was four and I saw my brother for the first time he was so bald he had to wear a hat.

When I was about seven and I saw a ghost with red glowing eyes looking at me through my window when my cousin stayed the night.

I got home from school and there was a cat laying on a blanket curled up in a ball and my mom said that it was mine.

When I saw my Aunt Pam crying and I asked her what was wrong and she gave me a hug and said that my Uncle was dead.

I drove for four hours in my Aunt Cindy's truck and when we finally got there I met the best friend that I'd ever have a little dog named Buddy.

When a call came in the middle of the night and told us to come to the hospital because my Grandma was going to die.

My favorite memories are ones that make me happy but as you can see there aren't many.

Travis

By: Emily Hoffmann

On March 22nd it was take your daughter to work day so I went with my mom. She is a first grade teacher at Truman Elementary in Davenport.

From the start I didn't know what to expect. My mom had no warning that I was going to go so she didn't get a chance to tell her students ahead of time that I was going to be there. As the students came in the room I looked at them and smiled. They didn't know who I was but they smiled and went on talking with their friends.

Then I saw Travis. My mom had told me about him and that he had been burned badly when he was younger. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to act or if he was shy about what happened. As the day went on I saw that he was fitting in with the other children. I became more relaxed as the morning went on.

In the afternoon my mom and I went around checking the math papers and helped them if they needed it. I was on the side that Travis sat on so I helped him when he needed it. As I sat there watching him think about the problem and the answer, I realized that he has so much ahead of him. He won't always be in a classroom full of kids who see past the scars on his body and see him for what he is on the inside. I realized what a scary place this world can be and it made me want to hug him and stop time so he never has to face the cruel people of the world.

Then I thought about me and how this has happened to me and the people I know. I realized that we used to the same way. We didn't see peoples color of skin or the way they were different from us, we saw the person inside. As time went on we started to loose our innocence and we began to look for the ways that people are different from us and how we are different from them. We could no longer be ourselves but we had to be who they wanted us to be and so we changed forever. We no longer were entertained by playgrounds and candy so we looked for other things to do. Some people chose to do good things and help others but others chose to be destructive and hurt people. I hope that more people chose the first one because, if they do, then the world will be a better place for Travis and his friends.

Memories with My Grandpa
By: Erin Judkins

I have many of memories that I could write about but instead I chose to write about my Grandpa Jack. My grandpa has gone through a lot in his life. He came from a family of twelve growing up through the "Great Depression." He was the youngest of all of them. When he was seven years old his dad got hit over the head with a metal bar as he was coming out of the bank with his paycheck. He was killed. The men who killed him took his paycheck and ran. They never found out who it was, they couldn't afford to. He was pretty much brought up by his older sister then. She died this winter. He took it really hard.

Then things started to look better when he met my Grandma and got married. They had 3 kids. One of which was my dad. My Grandpa had always said that he would always be there for his kids.

Just a few weeks ago my Grandpa was diagnosed with Leukemia. I have never known anyone with that disease except for a girl who was the same age as my brother and she died when she was twelve. My Grandpa is a very strong man. He has made it through his life as a young boy, then through war, then as a father, then a Grandfather of five, and then a man with cancer.

Some of the best memories in my life have to do with my Grandpa. Every summer we go up to our resort in Minnesota. We stay with my Grandparents. The resort is on a lake so we can go swimming, fishing, boating, skiing, and pretty much anything. Going up to that lake is how my parents met in the first place. They started going up there went they were just born and so

did my brother and I. The doctors said that my Grandpa might not be able to go up to the lake this year. It will be the first year yet. They are always the first to go up and the last to leave. I can't even imagine not going up to the lake without my Grandpa this year. I am really going to miss him.

Mom,Thanks for being there for me
By
Cheryl Trainor

My mom was always close to me from when I got a nail stuck in my foot to when I had my 13th birthday.

When I was five getting a nail stuck in my foot was a tragedy, but you were always there for me.

When we first got our 3 hamsters named Amy, Scott, and Jason and we found out Jason could have babies you were there laughing with me.

When I first started playing the Piano and I couldn't play worth a darn you were there for me.

When I almost threw up because I went on my first upside down ride you were there for me.

When I went from having a babysitter to being a babysitter you were there for me.

When Rachel was born and I was mad because she couldn't do any thing fun except for cry you were there for me.

When we went to Wisconsin and we watched fireworks from on Lake Michigan's rocks you were there with me watching.

And when we went to Mount Rushmore and Yellow Stone you were there with me exploring.

So if you ever need me I'll be there for you.

This is dedicated to my mom.

My Favorite Memories
By:Derek Rittmer

When I was in kindergarten I almost hit my teacher with a matchbox car I threw across the room.

Also when I was in kindergarten I rolled up a rug by the door and she tripped over it, I had to sit in the corner and stare at the wall.

I remember when my Uncle Bill married my now Aunt Jeane. After the wedding the bridesmaid and I slid on the dance floor.

When Bill and Jeane came down to Iowa he had an awesome bomber jacket, I walked everywhere wearing it even in the summer.

Once my family went to Colorado and we stayed in a log cabin in the mountains, it was fun.

When I went to Arizona with just my cousin when I was 11 and he was 13. We visited my Aunt Paula and Uncle Russ.

When I was playing Jailbreak with my neighbors and turned around to run I landed in a waiting pool.

When my neighbor and I where playing catch, and he threw it and it broke my glove, and the baseball nailed me in the nose.

Once I almost got hit by a Paul Revere Pizza delivery man playing hockey in the street.

When my whole family and my relatives went to Disneyland and Universal Studios.

I saw Arnold Swartzeneger, Goerge Clooney, and Cindy Crawford at a movie premier across from the Hard Rock Cafe we where at.

We went to an Arizona Diamondbacks baseball game against the St. Louis Cardinals (McGwire was 0 for 3).

Going on Space Mountain at Disneyland and not throwing up.

When I went to the KoRn and Rob Zombie concert and was on the floor.

When my dad and I went to the Iowa-Illinois Reginal Auto Show, and I got to sit in a Ford F-450.

Making fun of a certain person for not passing the moped class we went to.

Friends

I have four friends.
They are the wind beneath my wings.
I have shared everything with them.
They are the sisters that I never had.
They mean everything to me.
And I hate the day that we will part.
These friends all have different meanings to me.

Tiffany is the therapist of them all.
Heather is the one that makes me laugh all the time.
Jessica is the one that I can say certain things to and she'll understand.
Emily is the one that brings out the child in me.
And now you know why they mean so much to me.

I also have other friends, but they don't mean this much to me. Tiffany, Heather, Jessica, and Emily have always been there with me when I needed some one to talk to and so have my other friends, but my other friends don't mean this much to me.

Love you guys

By: Lauryn Lott

My Favorite Memory

My memory took place about four years ago.

I was in the fifth grade at the time and my dad asked me if I wanted to help him go to Long Grove with him to buy a lawn mower/snowblower.

And I said, "Sure, Dad, that sounds like fun." so we got in to the Suburban and went to Long Grove to get the lawn mower/ snowblower, but he forgot mention one small detail.

He left out something. After we went to Long Grove, we would be getting I-80 to go see an Iowa Hawkeye's basketball game at Carver Hawkeye Arena in Iowa City.

When we got in the city, we went to a bar named after Iowa's former head coach of basketball.

When we got to the *Arena* we stood outside for a little while and guess who walked by? Hayden Fry, the head coach of football. He didn't just walk by, he also said, "Hi."

During the game it was all Iowa, and during halftime we ran into my friend, Trek Langenhan.

I treasure this moment like gold.

The End
by Joe Schneckloth

Softball
By Stephanie Jurisic

Softball is the sport I really love
Catching the softball in you glove

Standing at the plate waiting to hit the ball
Hoping when you do, it will go far and hit the wall

Running around the bases you will go
Sliding into home ending up very low

The umpire calls you "safe at home"
Then into the dugout you will roam

Footsteps of the Past

My footsteps have traveled down a winding road,
good and bad memories are bestowed.
I remember the good and try to forget the bad,
for some make me happy and some make me sad.
I remember the day my sister was born and all the smiling faces.
I remember all of the forts and secret hiding places.
I remember the loved ones that have come and gone so fast.
My grandpa's 76 birthday party, which would be his last.
I know that memories come and go,
and that they will be there through the rain and snow.
There are bad memories, but for every bad make one good,
it's not very easy but if you should,
maybe someday when you've gone away
in someone else's heart your footsteps will stay.

By Mindy Heidgerken

If Everyone Was the Same

by Carla McCubbin

Have you ever wondered
what life would be like
if we were all the same?
If everyone was
the same color,
race,
culture,
religion,
size,
shape
height
weight.
Or if everyone
had the same clothes,
athletic ability,
eyes,
hair,
personality,
shoes,
academic ability,
ideas,
beliefs,
friends,
feelings,
creativity,
accent,
wealth,
occupation,
and taste.
And what if
everyone liked the same books,
movies,
food,
weather,
music,
sports,
school subjects.
Wouldn't that be boring,
if we were all the same.
to look just like
everyone else?
But isn't that what
we try to do?

Camping on the 4th of July

by Carla McCubbin

"You know our sparklers are going to go out,"
I said.
"We can always light the other ones,"
someone else replies.
Unfortunately, I was right.
After walking the steep trail
down to the lake . . .
our sparklers went out,
and we couldn't get the other ones lit.
"Nice job, guys! It's pitch black out here!"
"Oh well, we can just walk back
in the dark."
We didn't have much of a choice.
We had to walk back up the trail.
Tripping and bumping
into the rocks.
Of course Krista's sandal
had to fall off
halfway up the trail.
After a few minutes we found it,
and looked ahead for the boys.
They had kept walking.
Thanks a lot.
We looked around at all the trees.
"This is kind of creepy,"
I said.
"Yeah, there could be, like raccoons or
something out there."
"Um, I was thinking more along the lines
of a serial killer, but . . ."
"Um . . . OK, let's hurry."
We walked faster.
Then we heard
a rustle in the trees.
"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"
We ran out of the woods
all the way to the clearing.
We turned around to see what or who it was . . .
and saw my dad
coming out off the trail.
"Did I scare you?"
He asked, laughing.
"Oh, no, not at all," we said.
Yeah, right.

FIVE SENSES

You and I have something alike;
We each have five senses;
What are the senses you ask?

My taste likes sour apples,
Sweet lemons, and spicy chili;
Not spinach, peas, or asparagus!

My smell likes perfumed flowers,
Pungent peppers, and tingle of spices;
Not a cow's barn or burning yarn!

My sight likes a certain someone;
Unless he is with a certain someone . . .
Else!

My ears like to hear "I love you,"
The most;
Not "I hate you!"

My touch likes soft things like my baby blanket,
Or the tickling fingers of a caterpillar;
Not the sting of a bee!

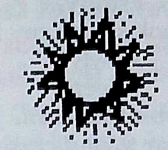
But don't be too fooled,
Your senses could not be like mine;
They are all yours.

So, that answers your question,
Or so I hope;
Of the five senses of which I spoke.

By: Jackie Pierick

Dreams

Dreams are sad
Dreams are glad
There are so many dreams that you have
some make you cry
some make you lie
Some of your dreams can even make you sigh
some of them are funny
some are about money
I hope that your dreams are bright and sunny



Written By: Katie Hyde

Accomplished and Defeated
by
Christopher Meyer

" I will study for 3 hrs each day!"
I study.
I try to stay awake.
C'mon help me.....
" No those words are too hard."
"Just study
by yourself
for some
time."
I study.
The book sits on my lap,
slowly,
I sleep.
I toss and turn.
I hear a loud crash
and I am stunned.
" What happened."
I ask.
I gawk
looking at
the car parked outside.
I wait for the car,
my family and I go
to my uncle's house.
We eat.
I talk.
I go to the Spelling
Bee looking like a winner,
but come out almost half as good.

Leaving Home
By Tammy Blend

Today, I decided I was leaving. Leaving my house, the one I took my first steps in; talked my first words in; and grew up in. I would also be leaving you, my parents, and some of my friends. I told you this morning, and you looked at me in shock. You told me I wasn't old enough, and that I wouldn't be able to survive, but I argued back saying I was 18 and old enough. I ran upstairs and into my room where I tried to pack everything into my bags. I looked around and realized I would have to come back for my furniture and trophies and things like that. I ran downstairs with my packed bags, and that's when you realized I was serious. Cori came to the door and I said good bye to you while she helped get my bags into the back of the van. I got in next to Keri, Cori's twin sister and Carli, Keri's best friend. We drove off towards the town that our apartment was in. That town was an half an hour away. Once we got everything inside the apartment we looked around and started jumping up and down because we were so excited we were finally on our own. After we calmed down a bit, we went to sleep.

After we woke up ecstatic, and ate breakfast and started to unpack everything so we would have room in our bags when we went back to get the rest of our stuff. After we ate lunch we left for our old homes, and arrived around 1:00. Cori dropped me off at your house, and drove off to drop Carli at her house and go to hers and Keri's house. You came up and talked to me while I packed the rest of my stuff.

After a while Cori was back, and I had to leave again so I kissed you good bye, and said I'd call when I got back. Although I never called. On the way back to the apartment we were hit by a drunk driver. Not on my side, but Cori and Carli's side. Since I wasn't wearing my seat belt I was

thrown from the car. I woke up later with you by my side in the hospital. I asked you what happened and you told me. I asked if the others were okay, and they told me Carli died on impact, and Cori was looking really bad, and was about to die. Keri was suffering minor head injuries, and a broken leg. I don't know how, but I came out the best of everybody. My leg was broken in two places. I guess when I flew out of the car my leg was the first thing to hit ground, and the force was so hard it broke it in two places. My wrist was sprained pretty badly too.

Cori died the next morning, with me there holding her hand, and talking to her. I told her how much I loved her, and that she couldn't die. She was my best friend, and nobody could come between us. The bond was unspeakable.

I sometimes think it is my fault because it was my idea to move out. Maybe we should have listened to you. You said we were too young. Yes, we were too young. Too young for two of us to die. It hurts when I think of Cori and Carli. I know someday I will be able to laugh at our good times instead of cry at our bad. Someday I know I will see them at heaven's gate waiting for me to meet them and it will be how I remember them.

Bio Poem

I remember going to Jumers for Home-Ec it was fun I sat with Chey Blackman and Katie Hyde I was nervous

I had a good feeling when me and Katie Hyde went to the festival of trees for our service project for Home-Ec and we helped the kids make angels out of tongue depressers.

I love going to the Dairy Queen with my friend Jenna because they have the best food ever.

In sixth grade I remember falling off my bike and getting stitches it hurt.

I was sad when my great grandma died I miss her now.

I remember being really scared when I went to wacky waters for the first time and going down the big water slide now I do it all the time.

I was scared on my first day of Junior High because I didn't know what it was going to be like.

It was fun on the bus ride to Washington D.C. with my friends Carly, Jenna and Stephanie.

I love going to visit my grandma in Rock Rapids because she has a really neat house.

Me, Carly, and my family went to Lake Okoboji and went jet skiing it was so much fun.

I miss my sister when she went off to college but not that much because she comes to visit a lot.

MINDI YOST

Changes in my life

By: Angela Bender

One day when I was really little, I came home to find my dog dead. He had been poisoned and was lying dead in his cage.

After about a year my mom got pregnant with my little sister. We named her Emilee.

I received a new puppy that same year so I would have some one to play with while my parents were tending to my baby sister's needs.

I named him Coupe, after my dad's 34 Ford Coupe that I loved to ride in.

I used to stroll him around the yard in my sister's stroller. He loved to sit in it.

New neighbors moved in next door and their daughter became my new best friend. She was two years older than me. Her name was Kelly Lovell.

A couple of years later, my friends from down the street moved away. So now I only had Kelly to play with after school. Their names were Jessie and Tara Tague.

My parents started to fight all of the time and I got really scared that something bad was about to happen.

About a year later my parents decided to get a divorce. MY mom got custody of us and we moved up the street about three blocks.

The good thing was that I got to go visit him when ever I wanted because he lived so close.

In fifth grade the school boundaries changed so I had to move to a new school. It wasn't so bad once I made new friends and everything.

My mom and her boyfriend got engaged so we decided to move into a bigger house with a bigger yard and not in the city. So literally they were moving me away from my dad.

I went to another different school in sixth grade. Virgil Grissom Elementary. This school was my first year in a new school district.

The one thing that I didn't like about this school district was that 6th grade was still in elementary and in Davenport the 6th grade was the first year in junior high.

My dad moved to a new house on the edge of town, Davenport. It was a bigger house than his old one and had a couple of acres in the back and about one in the front yard. He wanted to get my sister and I horses.

My dad's girlfriend moved in with us about 3 months later.

My mom got married at the end of my 6th grade year. I got to be the maid-of-honor.

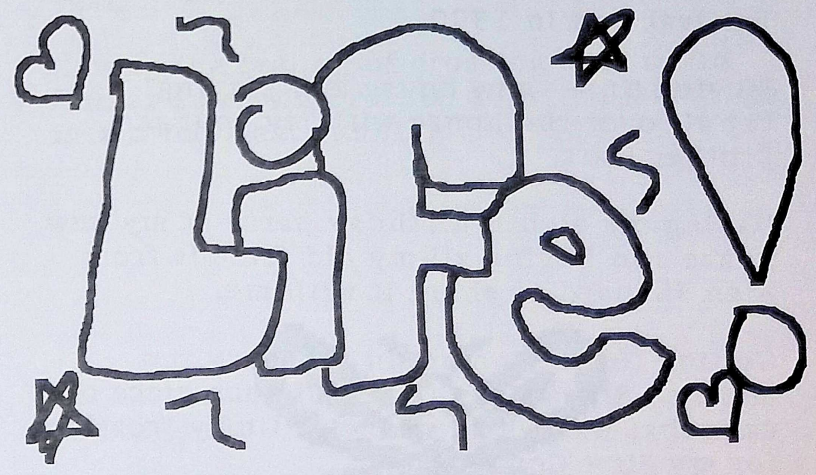
I started my first year of junior high at North Scott Junior High.

My dog had to be put to sleep because he had cancer all over his body. He was only a year younger than me, in people years.

I made a whole lot of new friends that year and I made a new best friend that year. I hadn't had one for about two years.

Now I have three best friends that are girls. There names are Katie Matthews, Marie Mueller, and Bobbie Petersma. I can count on them for almost anything just as they can count on me.

My life has changed so much in the 14 years that I have been alive. I can't even begin to wonder how much it will change in all of the years ahead. But no matter what, I hope I keep my best friends.



Photos in My Mind.
By: Rachel Murphy

Being the first baptised in the warm pool of water at the new huge St. Ann's church.

Looking out the snowy window I waited for baby Matt to come home.

Vacationing in Ohio was fun seeing all the animals at the Columbus Zoo.

Taking swimming lessons over for the fourth time just to finish level 1.

Getting a trophy for 1st place, when I was 3 years old in the Strawberry Festival Run in 1990.

Moving to my new house and playing tag all over the house with my younger brother Matt.

Having my eighth birthday party at my new house and having all my old friends from Alan Shepard to share it with me.

Getting first Communion presents and money. Also eating that delicious piece of cake that was white and with fluffy frosting for my First Communion.

Joining 4-H and doing projects to receive money for the good job I have done.

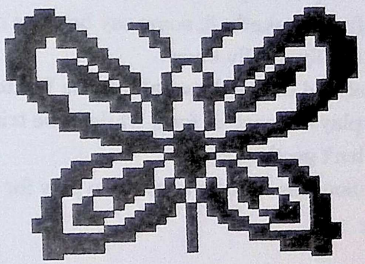
Receiving a Grand Champion at the fair last year when my calf Charlie head-butted me with all his might in the stomach and remembering me crying.

The music was blaring as I walked into the gym at the first junior high dance.

Babysitting my baby cousin for the first time but only wanting the night to end after the first hour.

Hearing that my uncle and his girlfriend were going to get married in the fall of this year.

Having the feeling of crossing that white line and getting 3rd place for the first time in a track meet running the 1500.



Michael Jordan
By: Cole Wallace

1981, NCAA Championship game Michael Jordan, a freshman just hit a game winning shot to bring North Carolina a Championship. The shot Michael Jordan made was from then on called "The Shot," that shot also made Michael Jordan famous.

Michael Jordan was not a very good basketball player his whole life but he practiced and practiced and even skipped school to practice basketball which turned into a problem for Michael. He was getting bad grades and his parents always said grades before sports. So Michael quit skipping school and got his grades up while still finding time to play basketball.

Michael Jordan was cut from the basketball team as a freshman but didn't give up. He just kept practicing and practicing, and the next year he made the team from just pure desire. He then went on to have a good high school career.

Many colleges were interested, but Michael wanted to go to North Carolina, his favorite college. So when Michael was at North Carolina he became well known because of "The Shot." Michael then, of course, was scouted by many pro teams.

Then in 1984 Michael was drafted by the Chicago Bulls, the people drafted ahead of Michael were Sam Bowie who had a bad NBA career. Picked first was Hakeem Olijuwan who is still having a good Pro career, but not like MJ. Michael went on to win rookie of the year. Then in 1985 Michael broke his ankle and missed most of the season. The Bulls were improving every year. In 1987, they drafted Scottie Pippen. Pippen helped the Bulls, and they made the playoffs a couple of times but never far enough. Then in 1991 the Bulls had a good team with Horace Grant, Scottie Pippen, B.J. Armstrong, and Michael Jordan. They won the NBA Championship that year and the first one for the Bulls. They then went on to win the Championship two more years in a row for a three peat. Michael then retired from basketball, some say because of his father's death but only Michael and his family, really know.

Then Michael decided to play baseball for the White Sox. He was a good athlete but he hasn't played baseball for a while so he tries his hardest just like in basketball, but he isn't good enough.

Michael then announces that he is going to play for the Chicago Bulls

again. On his comeback he played a little rusty but helped the Bulls to the Eastern Conference Finals before losing to the Magic.

The next year Michael carried the Bulls to their 4th championship and then they won two more in a row for their second three peat in 8 years.

Michael Jordan retired after that season and is going to go down as the best player in basketball history. Michael in his career won 6 NBA Championships and 6 MVP awards and many NBA scoring titles.

THE ANIMALS I HAD
BY CHRIS DUGAN

I once had cat named Mittens
He died
He died
He got hit by a car
I cried
I cried

I once had a a dog names Gizmo
She died
She died
She got put asleep
I cried
I cried

I once had a hamster named Frogert
He died
He died
He croaked one day
I cried
I cried

I once had a gold fish named Goldy
He died
He died
I found him upside down
I sighed
I sighed

You

I sit there waiting for you
While you walk down the street,

I say ,"Hey, how's it going,"
And you think I am some kind of creep.

While I watch you walk by
I sit there and cry,

Thinking why why why
Why not I.

I'm the greatest one of all
In my own head,

But to him I'm a nightmare
Sitting by his bed.

But I can't, But I can't
It's driving me insane,

I wish I could stop and
Get it out of my brain.

By: Kelly Leibold

PUPPIES

They are wonderful things...
They could never harm a fly
even if they tried.

For it is the master who
can train the puppy to be loving,
or to be a harmful creature.
If you treat them right they will come
out to be perfect.

I LOVE puppies,
and would never even think of
hurting the innocent little things.

You should treat them as if they were your
own little kid, but only a little more hairy,
and won't learn how to speak English.

I think people who can not treat
their animals with care,
should never get the privilege to
have something as precious
as a new born child.

By: Tiffany Sell

One of a kind

I never used to know him until about pre-school, I wasn't old enough to remember that kind of a thing yet. I heard about him in grade school, because that's when I found out, what kind of a person he was. A person who knew that, each day should be unwrapped like a precious gift. He found out that he had cancer, lymphoma. Unfortunately the doctor told him he only had 1-3 years. He knew he didn't have time to waste and that is why he is remembered.

Dennis is the kind of person you don't see everyday. You'd probably look at him and know that he is one of a kind.

He worked at the Mirage in Las Vegas. He's always liked being around people because he's so friendly. He was a card dealer at a Black Jack-21 table. He loved work but he also loved coming home, especially in the summer.

When Dennis came home, no matter what people were doing they would drop what they were doing and come to see him. It would be parties all of the times out at the fire place, his most known place, with every one else. Where he was is where the party was.

Dennis is also Diabetic, so every morning some one would watch him do his insulin and many of his other shots and pills. He would always be busy doing something. Because of his conditions no one ever left Dennis alone. He was no doubt the favorite.

My Grandma knew that time was running out too, but I didn't. I didn't understand that yet, so I followed him every where when he wanted to be with some one else my heart was broken. I didn't know why any person would want to take him away from me. They also knew that time was almost gone for him too, I wasn't old enough to figure it out so I got mad.

As the years passed by Dennis came to realize that it had almost been 10 years since the doctor told him he should be dead. Kimo Therapy was part of it. He didn't like it though because of the effects, but it worked, for a while.

His last trip home was so important because, in a way, some knew and some didn't I'm glad I didn't. I was so happy he could come and he was so happy even though he was so sick. I didn't want him to go, because I'd miss him, so I prayed that his flight would be canceled and by golly it was. It was the last time I saw him healthy and alive.

Before he died my aunt and my dad went out to see him and knew that this was about it for him, so did Dennis. He spent his last few days very sick, sweaty, and slender, but I remember him differently, a person looking for some thing and succeeding. He didn't waste any of his time in his life because Dennis knew that " Each day should be unwrapped like a precious gift..."

Written by Megan Schneckloth

Grand Champion

This year I participated in the 4-H dog show. I began training in early May with my five year old German Shorthair Pointer, Sadie. We attended a training session once a week. I worked on having her heel, sit, come, and lie down on command. By fair time I felt pretty confident that we would do a good job.

Although on the morning of the show I was incredibly nervous, we went into the ring and did really well! Sadie walked next to me without lagging, and she didn't move during the one minute sit or the three minute down.

After the show was over, the awards were given out. I waited anxiously to see what place Sadie and I were given. The judge announced the third place winner, then the second.She still hadn't said my name. Then my sister leaned over and

said,"I have to go to the bathroom. Will you take me?" "Be quiet!" I hissed. But it was too late. I had missed the name of the winner. I sat back, disappointed. Then I felt someone tug my sleeve. "Congratulations! You can go on up and get your award," my dad said. Suddenly I realized who the winner was.... me! I took Sadie up, and we received our trophy.

By Lindsey Armbrester

The Fog
By:Shane Bostrom

Once I lost my dog
I lost him in the fog.

I looked everywhere
he was not here or there.

It was getting really dark
and I didn't here a bark.

It gave me quite a fright
that he wasn't back that night.

Then the next day
I found him sleeping in the hay.

After that was done
we played and had lots of fun.

The Difference Between Will Smith and Micheal Jackson.

Will Smith
Cool, Stylish
Acting, Singing, Rapping
Miami, Actor, Scream, Jackson 5
Healing, Fathering, Dancing
Weird, Different
Micheal Jackson

By; Brittany Hillyer

A Happy Thought??

by Kate Heyer

I see murder
I smell blood
I hear screaming
I feel evil
I taste justice

I see fire
I smell toast
I hear cracking
I feel hot
I taste burnt

Sucide
an escape
help
not happy with life
last resort

GENOCIDE
By Matthew McMillian

Killing

Oppression

Serbians

Overseas

Vicious

Outrage

When My Brother Was Around

When my brother died my dad and I had to go to Tennessee for his funeral, I always wanted to go to Tennessee but this was not a good reason to go there. His family and friends were very sad for a long time. His favorite sport was soccer so is mine. The place he was buried was right by a soccer field so he could be buried by what he liked most. He got cancer around age 16 and when he died he was 19. When he was around 17 or 18 he lost his left arm to cancer and he lost his hair when

he was going through chemotherapy. That was hard for him because he had a lot of hair then he had to lode it all. He had to be tutored when he had no immune system because if he got sick his body would not be able to fight away the sickness. When he would come down to visit his mother he would always pick on me because I am the youngest and he is the oldest out of us kids. During the winter my dad would pull us around with the four wheeler and my brother was the one that liked it the most. When I would be out riding with my step-mom he would always make me get off my horse so he could ride just to tease me by not letting me back

on my horse. I feel very sad about my brother because he was a fun person and nice to people who were nice to him. Lots of people will miss him including me! That was my brother and now he has passed away.

The End!!

By: Miranda Hawk

Homework

I think homework is very boring,
oh no, my partner is snoring!
Art will be quick as a flash,
I'll just draw a big splash!
Geography is another story,
the war we are researching is very gory!
Math is always the worst,
I think my head is gonna burst!
Band , gotta practice gotta play,
now I can do something fun today!
Now do you believe that homework is boring,
and will my partner ever stop snoring?

By: Angela Lange

Just One

Just one drink mom, that's all it will take.
I won't have another, for my own sake.
It won't be bad, I won't be alone,
I'll even have a friend drive me home.
Why don't you let me, why can't I try,
It's not going to kill me, I'm not going to die.
All my friends will urge me to,
Even if you say no.
So please just let me try it,
Please don't let me down.
Just let me have some fun in town.
Oh, thank you Mom, I appreciate it.
I think my friends will too,
Mom, I really mean this when I say it,
I love you Mom, I really do.

That is what I said to her,
Before I left; she was still unsure.
I got to the party, my friends were all there,
It was so full I could only stare .
I had that one drink; it felt so good,
I began to wonder if I should
take another drink.
I remember what my Mom had said,
Then told myself, "Don't lose your head"
Then when it was time to go,
I noticed it had begun to snow.
I was the designated driver.

I never saw the stop sign there
And I got hit by a truck, dead square.
So on the concrete I lay upon now,
I can do nothing but wonder "How?"
And now as the police cars near,
I really can not help but hear,

"There's no way we can help her now,
This girl is surely going to die."
There is no way I can stop myself,
so I just lay there and cry
I wish my mom could hold me now,
As I start to die.
I wish that she could tell me ,
That it's okay to cry.
I hear my best friend screaming,
Because she just heard the news.
I wish she would come over,
But it's her place to choose.
I think It's almost time now,
It's getting hard to breathe.
And so I'll say "Good bye" now.
Tell my family not to cry now.

Kayla Livermore

** This poem is a true story. My cousin's best friend was killed in an alcohol-related accident. For this reason, my poem is dedicated to him.*

Melissa Anne is Gone

Emily Green

Okay, we've all said it before, probably right when we were walking out the door. "Fine *MOM*, just *SHUT UP*!"

Melissa was a pretty good kid. She could be a real smart alec if she tried, but she was over-all an okay teenager. Missy was also VERY popular, and for all the right reasons, too.

Finals had just gotten over and it was Friday. The kick off to winter break. FREEDOM!!! Missy had told her mom that morning that she was planning on going out with a group of her friends after school. Her mom told her to wait till she got home before leaving. Melissa said respectfully, but sharply, "No prob!"

Four o'clock rolled around and Missy's mom walked in the door. They had the normal teenage-mom talk, you know the, "Don't drink, don't smoke, don't speed, don't get too busy with the boys, use your head, don't break curfew," talk.

Missy had heard this "sermon," at least ninety-nine thousand times and said, "I know *MOM*!"

As Missy was walking out the door, her mom called, "Remember to buckle up!" Missy's response was the usual, "Fine mom, just SHUT UP!" Those would be the last words Melissa Anne would ever speak to her mother.

She met her friends at Culver's, and old ice cream place. They all piled into the old Cutlass, shoving eight into a seven passenger car. The driver had no license, a twenty one year old and sixteen year old were seated in the front. Behind them was a seventeen year old girl and her boyfriend, and they were kissing like there was no tomorrow!! Next to them was a nineteen year old. So, where was Missy? She was the stupid one, stretched across the back seat passengers, with obviously, no seat belt on.

They were driving down Highway 43, a fairly deserted desert highway. The police said they hit a minimum speed of 100 mph. The seven who survived said they were going so fast, they kept swerving off the road and losing control.

The driver had three times the legal limit of alcohol in his blood. The twenty-one year old had provided for all.

Then it happened. They swerved, ran off the road, hit a mammoth rock and sent Missy flying through the windshield at top speed. She went about twenty feet and hit one of those really huge cacti. BOOM!! She lay in her blood for a little less than an hour, crying for help, and getting weaker every minute. Then she was gone. Melissa Anne was gone. Her last words to her mother were, "Shut up," not, " I love you, and will see you soon." No, not words of love. Words of hate and disrespect. What was going through Missy's mind while she

lay there.? She was probably regretting what she said to her mother, praying, and aching inside over her own stupidity.

The accident happened two weeks before Christmas. About three days after the accident Melissa's family drove out to the place where Missy was killed. They walked out of the car and left the window down so it wouldn't get very hot.

Her mother walked over to the cactus and found Melissa's headband. She brought it to her husband and he said, "We will leave the bad memories behind, and take only the good ones."

Missy's mom nodded and turned to walk away, then fell to her knees, sobbing hysterically. Her precious daughter was gone. The bond was broken. Melissa had been taken by carelessness.

She got up and walked back to the car and looked back and glared at the light gray sky and yelled at the top of her lungs, "Why, why Lord?" "Why did she have to go?" "Tell me why!!" "Why did you take her?!?" "Why, God, tell me why!"

Louder she screamed, "Why Melissa?!?" "Why, did you take her?!" "God, why!?!"

As she started to open the car door, she glanced down. There was the card Missy had always kept in her pocket. It read;

"To everything there is a season, and the good Lord does know why."
Lift your troubles to the Lord, and he shall be nearby."

Under it, in Melissa's handwriting, were the words:

"I love you, and all will be fine."

Then she opened the door and inside was a beautiful white dove sitting on the seat. A sudden sense of peace fell over her. She smiled and looked up and said, "Thank you."

Driving home Missy's mother mother whispered, "I love you, I love you my Missy Anne."

Next time you leave the house remember Missy Anne, and how she left this world. You can ask any parent who has ever lost a child and they will tell you it is the hardest thing they have ever gone through. Think about your parents and what they would do if you weren't here tomorrow. Make each day count as if it were your last, and speak words of love only, for those may be the last you ever say.

It's up to you

Why do people always wear frowns,
walking around with their heads hanging down.
When they can look up and see the sun,
when they can feel free to have a little fun!
They'd rather cuss or say something mean,
or even make fun of another teen.
Why don't they just say something kind,
or just keep that mean thought in their mind.
People with happiness you barely ever see,
who else can you find better than you and me!
So sometime find someone and say,
"Have a little happiness in your heart today!"
For the world can be a happier place,
it starts with one person with a smile on their face!

Eden Olsen

What colors mean to me

by Amy Beadel

RED is for love
WHITE is for a dove
BLACK is for a dark night
PURPLE is for a flying kite
YELLOW is for a day that's sunny
GREEN is for the color of money
BLUE is for the tears you cry
Please don't cry, but I have to say good-bye

Joe the Hobo

by Brad Glines

I know a guy named Joe;
he is a tall, thin hobo.
Joe lived in the park, and his home
was where ever Joe decided to roam.
Every time he tries to get a job
the employer says, "I don't need a slob."
Now he lives in the city slums
his favorite food is Dum Dums.
When he's getting food
the owner says, "Get out of here, dude."
Joe is still my friend
and I'm afraid this is the end.

Challenging Choices

We all have a talent, a hobby, a cause
Something to do without breaking the laws,

Discover your talent, your hobby, your sport
It's all so much better that sitting in court,

Join a group like 4H, Scouts, or play ball
It beats being sent to a juvenile hall,

Popping pills, sniffing coke, or drinking some booze
Doing drugs guarantees in the end you will lose.

This poem was collaboratively composed as part of the Take a Step multimedia contest. The entry won second place.

Sheila Farrey
Kara Jungblut
Tabitha Lamont
Katie Leiting
Kerry Wilson

Men In My Life

This all American sport
Strikes like a spider spinning a web
Quiet, methodical, continuous, intricate
Weaving our lives together.

Oh say can you see
Play ball
Signals flash
Batter, batter, batter
It's about Verne - wiry and energetic
Catcher in the 30's for a neighborhood team
Loyal fan of the Cubs
Jumped the fence to cheer them on
Shared that love with his daughter.

Major league games
Hot dogs
Over the fence
Peanuts and popcorn
It's about Edwin - who really cared
Instilled respect for the game
Expanded the horizons of his young niece
Taught sportsmanship, ethics, and fun
Edwin, found within the walls of Wrigley Field.

Fast pitch
Slow pitch
Fly ball
Grounder
It's about Dick - patient and stable
Player as youth, injured as adult
Coach of wife's slow pitch team
Dick, teaching and training, patient and stable
As rookie sons take center stage.

Curve ball
Fast ball
Change up
Streerike 3
It's about Doug - ambitious and cocky
Pitching furious fever strikes
T-ball to pony, broken bones and hearts
Games lost, lessons learned, friendships won.

Pop fly
Outfield
Full count
Foul ball
It's about Kevin - batting and running
Striving to match brother's fame
Struggling to succeed on the diamond of dirt
Learning to love the game.

Scout
Manager
Flannel uniform
Organization man
It's about Kenny - 36 years in minor leagues
Learning to play, then playing to teach
Rubbing elbows with Williams, Babe Ruth, Gomez
Coach, player, scout - always the positive Kenny.

Spring lingers to summer, then summer into fall
Bridging generation to generation
Father to child, husband to wife, friend to friend
Field of lessons building legends in American life.

Pat Schrad

We Are All Equal

We are all equal,
We're all alike,
We say our first word,
We ride our first bike,

We all walk and talk,
Some people are tall,
All have our destinies,
Real big or real small,

We all have our families,
We all live on earth,
Our mother's all cried,
The time they gave birth,

We all have that bed,
To sleep in at night,
Our friends get in fusses,
Arguments and fights,

We all get side tracked,
We all have bad dreams,
Hair that's black or blond,
Even in between,

We all have our memories,
Silly or not,
Therefore we're equal,
I believe that alot!

Allison Hildebrand

Notice Me!

Parents get divorced, someone dies, someone gets married, people move, kids are sometimes ignored and will start doing things that will get them attention.

Kids start doing; drugs, drinking, having unsafe sex, and even running just to get attention.

Kids also might drop out of school. When kids do this they are shouting. Repeating it over and over and over again until they get what they want.

Notice Me!, Notice Me!, Notice Me!

There is no reason why someone, somewhere is neglected, abused, abandoned, or left out. Negative attention! Not needed! Positive attention is what you need to get kids to do what you want them to do when you want them to do it. Positive attention.

So, please ***Notice Me!*** before it's too late!!

Lindsay Bell

1999

It's now '99 not '98
Last year good, this year great

Sixth grade turns to seventh
Four years later, eleventh,

Soon I'll be thirteen
Then I'll be teen,

Six months 'til Fourth of July
I'm telling the truth, not a lie,

Christmas, wrapping up the year
Joining families for cheer,

This year I had memories
Next year I'll make lots of these.

Valerie Biddick

Horse Prayer

Be kind to me
and I will trust,

Give me confidence
and I will do what you ask,

Have faith in me
and I will be kind,

Love me
and I will return the favor,

Treat me kindly
and I will look up to you.

Magin Kebert

A Lizard's Tail

A lizard's tail changes in the sun
Just to watch it is a lot of fun,

In a wink it changes from a green
To a bright, reddish gleam,

When he's red, he looks really hot,
But guess what, he's really not,

When he blends in with a tree
He is laughing with glee,

And at night when the sun goes down
He turns back to his old brown.

Emily Piette

Two Completely Different Me's

There are two
Completely different me's
One who is real
The other for people to see.

The one who is real
Is very depressed
The other known
To be sarcastically stressed.

When you are around
I act as if I am fine,
But when you are gone
I feel like I want to die.

So as you now know
There are two different me's
One who is happy
And one no one can see.

By
Alicia
Hillard

Life

Oh how lives have been planned out,
Until eighteen without a doubt,

School, college, clubs, and games,
Being yourself at the end of the day,

Degrees, achievements, aims, and traditions,
Trying to fulfill dreams and ambitions,

Constant reminders of glory to come,
Fulfill all of your dreams, not only one,

Success is all up to you,
What in life do you think you'll do?

Adrienne Hoffman

Looking In The Mirror

She stood in front of a mirror, and wondered, "Who is me?"
She stood and asked herself, "What do I really see?"
So she dug down deep inside, where the real true feelings hide,
to find the things that are there, the things she doesn't like to share.
Her love for dolls and not the mall.
The safeness of holding her mother's hand,
better than a heavy metal band.
Her sympathy for the old and hurt,
when they get thrown around like dirt.
But most of all, her love for God,
who accepts us all with a wonderful nod.
These are her feelings, as you can see,
but she said, "Remember, this is tough for me."
"To love myself the way I am,
I am just a self-conscience little lamb.
A little girl that is very scared.
A little girl who is not prepared,
to love herself the way God sees.
That scared little girl is me."

Shae Statser

My Grandpa's Dog

Big brown curious eyes
A tiny pointed face with large ears
Twitching back and forth when you talk to her,

A long bushy tail that bounces when she walks
On miniature paws that click on the floor,

Barking every time someone comes in the door
Hiding underneath the covers
Begging at the supper table for a treat
Sleeping with my grandpa every night.

That's Foxy Lady.

Lisa Howard

The Values of a Mall

The mall is noisy and loud,
There is always a big crowd,

One store after another,
Kids go without their mother,

Buy clothes, CD's, food, and toys,
Girls go to hang out with boys,

Usually see good friends,
Find all the new fashion trends,

We wish we could shop all day,
If we didn't have to pay.

Katie Phillip

Friends,
Practically Sisters

Always wearing a smile
Going the extra mile,

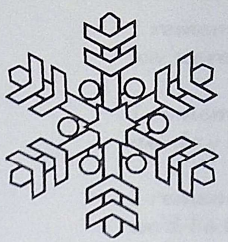
Although sometimes we fight
We make up every night,

We're practically sisters
And we're always listeners,

Even when I am down
Friends won't wear a frown,

I love my friends very much
They have the perfect touch.

Noel Reno



White Snowflakes

The snow keeps falling here and there
I can't help but look and stare
It's glistening amazes me
Watching it fall from a tree
As the snowflakes are falling
The wind is howling,
Did you happen to see that?
A squirrel is out there prowling.
Sometimes the winter seems long
And the wind just blows and blows,
But it's just the white innocent snow!

By: Becky Ranfeld

When You Were There

When you were there, the sky was true
When you were there, I wasn't ever blue,

When you were there, I always saw your bright smile
When you were there, my heart was always racing a mile,

When you were there, you were always beside me
When you were there, we carved our names in that big tree,

When you were there, I loved you all day long
When you were there, I sang your favorite song,

When you were there, life was sweet
When you were there, you were my treat,

When you were there, life was as sweet as a pear
But that was, when you were there.

Kyle Rehn

I Remember

I remember how we used to play,
we were together each day.

I remember how we used to talk,
all day long on our special rock.

I remember how our mothers said,
we'd be together until we're dead.

I remember when you met your love,
I knew you'd found your second dove.

I remember when you had your baby,
you would always scream save me.

When your family of 3 beacame 2,
I realized how much I'd miss you.

I remember that day I cried,
I remember that day you died.

I remember going to say good-bye,
later I wanted yo see you and say hi.

I remember when I wanted yo go,
back to our past and played in the snow.

I wanted to talk to you one more time,
then I realized soon the time would be mine.

There's not oe day that ever goes by,
when I don't think about you ,
my best friend, GOOD-BYE!!!!!!!!!

By: Allyson Balli

Lazy Susan

Lazy Susan is lazy all right,
She puts things off to that very night,

She gets bad grades and doesn't know why,
So often she goes to her room to cry,

She isn't responsible or neat and tidy,
She'd rather go off and join a party,

Her mother yells, her father can scream,
But all she does is go off to dream,

She never has her assignments done,
But rather goes off to find some fun,

If she would try she would be sure to succeed,
But now all she can do is be content with a C.

Ben Dau

No Matter Who You Are

No matter if you're short or tall
you are who you are,

No matter if you're rich or poor
you are who you are,

No matter if you're black or white
you are who you are,

No matter if you're thin or fat
you are who you are,

No matter what you speak
you are who you are,

So be glad who you are because God made you.

Holly Buswell

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Holly Buswell

Fishing

As our motor roars,
Put away the oars,
Pull out from the dock,
'Cause we're goin' fishin' today.

Like to catch a bass,
That has a great mass,
Of twenty pounds,
'Cause we're goin' fishin' today.

Fish are biting,
It's so exciting,
Drop the hooks,
'Cause we're goin' fishin' today.

It's hard to say,
Got one fish that day,
Twenty-pound bass,
'Cause we went fishin' today.

Hit the hay,
After the big day,
Fish on the wall,
'Cause we went fishin' that day.

Jed Wendell

Growing Up With You

From the day I could talk and understand yes and no
Until now in my teen years you still watch over me as I grow,

Raising me with everything to fulfill my needs
And teaching me to help others and do good deeds,

I'm seeing the picture of the world's strangers
Being cautious of pressure and other big dangers,

You serve as good role-models I hope to be like someday
Helping me to follow my dreams and be somebody, I pray,

You are a great influence on my life
Still you lecture to me on wrong and right,

You give me more freedom and choices to make
And I listen to your words and stay away from risks to take,

Being my teachers and coaches as well
Teaching me and helping me improve my skill,

I will always be "Daddy's Little 'Sporty' Girl"

By Kendra Suiter

Spring Will Come Again

Seeing snow,
  Wishing for grass
Wanting to see out,
  There's frost on the glass
Wishing for warmth,
  Instead of the cold
Instead of winter,
  Wishing spring would unfold
My only comfort is to know
Spring will come and melt the snow

Instead of bare branches,
  Spring's first bud
I wish for rain,
  Puddles, and mud
I'd rather bare feet,
  Than boots and a coat
The North has spring now,
  I'd like to gloat
Spring will come, this I know
Yes, spring will come and melt the snow.

By: Sara Boeding

BASEBALL

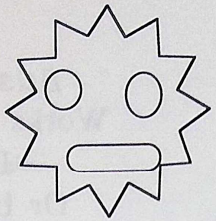
Baseball a very fun game
Works you every time you play
Do the best you can
Or be as bad as a **TIN CAN**

Jumping, Catching, Throwing
It's part of *Baseball*
Running, Stealing, Hitting
It's part of *Baseball*

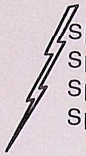
Baseball a very fun game
Baseball a game you should play

BY
Nick Dose

SEASONS



Winter- cold in Iowa,
Winter- warm in Florida,
Winter- white in Iowa,
Winter- green in Florida.



Spring- wet in Iowa,
Spring- semi- dry in Florida,
Spring- butterflies in Iowa,
Spring- fishing in Florida.

Summer in Iowa- 70-80 degrees,
Summer in Florida- 70-90 degrees,
Summer in Iowa- boating,
Summer In Florida- ocean swimming.

Fall in Iowa- brown,
Fall in Florida- tropical,
Fall in Iowa- huting,
Fall in Florida- festivals.

-Jerame Stevens-

The Farm

On the farm, where I once lived
Were cows, pigs, chickens, and dogs,
There were climbing trees and tire
Swings, tree houses and dog houses,
Barns ten times taller than I,
White as a summers cloud,
Green grass, gardens overflowing
With vegetables and flowers,
Tractors and plows, and rows
Of corn and soybeans,
There were special shade trees perfect
For naps and reading and relaxing,
The farm, what a relaxing place,
The farm, it always stays with me
Where ever I go I always remember

The Farm.

Lindsay Bell

Libby's Graduation
by
Meaghan Leggins
7th Grade Gray Team

Howdy, my name is Libby Jones or as my dad calls me, Lanky Libby. I am what you would call a daddy's girl. I am so excited about graduating in a few weeks. My dad is happy too. Sometimes I think he is happier than I am. My dad's sad, too, because he'll be losing his little and only girl.

I heard somebody walk in the door. It was my dad. I heard him call, " Where's my little Lanky Libby."

" Hi Daddy," I responded.

He said, " Sorry I was so late. The traffic was bad. Do you have any plans tonight after supper? I'd like to call a family meeting."

" No plans for me, Daddy, just homework," I replied.

" Good, because it is very important," he said.

" What's it about," I asked.

Daddy answered, " You'll find out when the time comes Libby."

All afternoon I pondered about what it could be. I ate supper so fast I got a stomachache. Finally the meeting was in order. My dad said, "As you all know I have been pretty tired lately. Today I left work early and went to the doctor. He said not to get alarmed and that I should spend a couple of days in the hospital so they can do some testing." I ran over to my dad and started crying. He told me not to worry.

The next day dad packed his bags and went to the hospital. Mom and I stayed with him for awhile. My dad told us to go home and rest. I thought how could I rest and not worry with my dad in the hospital.

Today dad came home from the hospital. The doctor said they would call us when they were able to diagnose what dad has. We all just sat and watched television waiting for the phone to ring. "Ring, ring," we all reached for the phone but mom got it first. She listened for awhile and then a frown appeared on her face. She hung up the phone and started crying. Then she explained why dad had been so tired. Mom said, "Your father has a rare heart problem which means he has about two weeks to live." We all cried and had a big group hug. I whispered, "Daddy, that means you will miss seeing me graduate."

Dad said, "I will hang on as long as I can, Libby."

The next week and a half went by fast. We all were treating dad like he was as fragile as the thinnest flake of lead. I was to graduate in four days and dad was still hanging on, but you could tell he was weakening fast.

There is now about a half day left till graduation. Dad is now in bed 24 hours a day. I didn't know if he would make it. The odds were against him.

The next day, graduation day, I was the first one up. I went to my parents' room and woke up my mom. At noon I went to give my dad his lunch. I tried to wake him up but he had died in his sleep. I found a notebook under his pillow. I found a letter inside it. It read:

Dear Lanky Libby,

I held on as long as I could for you and your mom. I am sorry but I couldn't do it anymore. Just remember that I will always love you and be watching over you.

Love, Dad

That night at graduation after I got my diploma I switched the side that my tassel was on and said quietly to myself, I know you are watching Daddy, and thanks for hanging on so we could spend more time together.

At Dad's funeral in Athens, Georgia, near where I live, I set my graduation cap in the casket so dad would always have a part of me with him.

LANCERS

LIKABLE

AWESOME

NORTH SCOTT

COOL

EXCITING

RESILIENT

SPORTS

by Chris Steffe

The Girl with Many Names

It was a warm winter night. The wind was blowing through the trees. Then with a snap and a bang he was there. Dressed all in leather, from his hat to his boots; he was riding a silver motor cycle with a leather seat. That was the day he arrived in Hawaii.

He said his name was Zac. Everyone believed him: why shouldn't they? They did not know his deepest, darkest secret. They did not know what happened last year. They did not know the truth.

He had a little girl with him, just barely two. Her name is.. well.. was Patricia Rose Gumbull, but every one called her Rose. Then sixteen years went by and they became normal citizens of Hawaii. No one remembered the day they came to the islands. No one even knows why they live there..

Now it's Tuesday, November 9. Rose is eighteen years old. She has long brown hair and pretty green eyes. She does not remember her mom who died before she was two years of age. She does not even know why they live on the islands. All she knows is that she was born in the mainland. But, she has become a star surfer, even had her picture in a few magazines. One day when she out on a wave, she heard two sharp cracks. She thought, That was some gun shots; there where now two gun shots in her board. She went down and out, unconscious that is. The next thing she knew she was on the beach coughing up water.

The next day she was riding in her car with her two friends, Nick and Nate, and a car back-ended them. "Hey!" She shouted There was another attack on her body the next day and the next! Finally, she went to her dad and told him what had been happening. He started crying, then explained.

He was an under cover FBI agent. Sixteen years ago, he sent a con-man named Chuck Hairels to jail. He had murdered three people (including Mrs. Gumbull) and was smuggling diamonds into the country. He swore revenge. A few mouths before he got out on good behavior his daughter died in a car accident. For revenge, he went after

the individual who put him away. He thought I did not get to spend time with my daughter so, why should he.

So, Rose, (whose real name was Grace) got another new identification and another new name. That was the life of the girl with many names.

By: Jeanna Sheedy

A Priceless Companion

Friends are the chocolate chips in the cookies of life,

They help you through times of pain and strife.

When bad things happen or just seem to appear,

You can find that your friend is always near.

When you become friends, you're always a pair,

Like Bert and Ernie or Sonny and Cher.

Friends always know when they need to stick together,

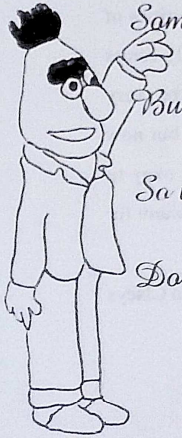
For when there's two of you the chances are better.

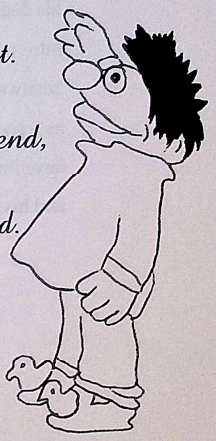
Sometimes you become angry, lose your patience, and fight,

But sooner or later things will turn out all right.

So when you realize that you've found a best friend,

Do everything possible to make sure it won't end.





Terri
Bartel

DISCRIMINATION OR SORROW? OR BOTH?

There are more things in this world that are discriminated against than just people. In this case, animals are discriminated against, too. People are discriminated against for many reasons. For example, because of the color of their skin, or because of their size, or because of impurities, almost all being things that they cannot control. The same can go for animas, or anything else, too.

It was about this man that wanted to have a dog that was very strong and a good leader. He wanted him to be the first dog of the pack howling. Instead the dog is "...this rickety little canine." He stumbles and "trips while chasing bees and butterflies." Yet the man does not seem angry, but quite the contrary. He seems very ashamed that his dog in not the very best at everything.

I get the feeling that he is so ashamed and feels so sorry for the dog that he is exaggerating about his "imperfections." It seems as if he feels that there is something that he is not doing that is making his dog's life so miserable. "It hurts me to see him so abnormal, so clumsy and stupid. My vein heart weeps knowing he is mine."

The dog turns around though, and "looks at me with eyes that cry out with life." The man then learns to look past the abnormalities and impurities of his dog, and the enormous friendship that he has with the dog that finally comes into perspective. Having the dog as his loyal companion can be very heartwarming. He no longer looks at him as a "...rickety little canine...." but now as a good friend who is just as imperfect as himself. In such a world, it is okay to have imperfections, just as everybody does. "He jumps at me...I feel his warm fur and his imperfections are forgotten."

Brian Claeys

Meet Again

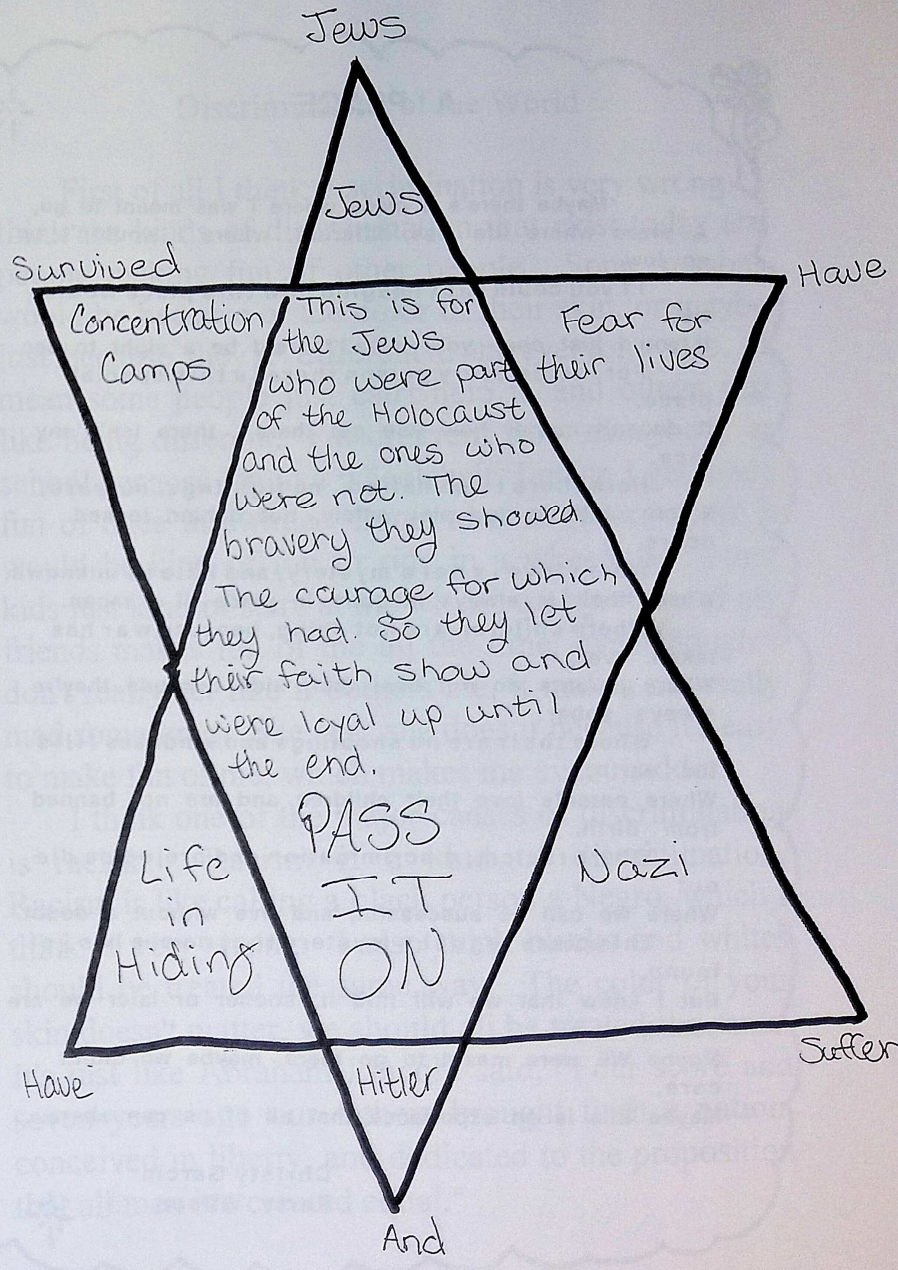
laughing with
you
always there to make me
smile.
We had good times
and
some bad times.
I
would always be there
for you,
and you always there
for me.
Friendship always
lasting
until
the end.
But now, the end is
near.
Oh, but do not
fear,
we will meet
again.
Way up high,
heavenly,
above and past the
blue, peaceful sky.

By: Maggie Davis

The Night Is Young...

By: Megan Devine

The night is young and so are you,
You know what he wants to do.
Don't listen to the voices,
You can make your own choices.
Don't choose too late,
For you know you can both wait.
So I beg of you don't deny,
You can find a different guy.
Maybe one who won't go so fast...
You can tell about your past.
If he won't take, "NO,"
You can always tell his bro.
It might not make sense,
Since they're both dense.
So you can choose,
Just don't choose to lose.


Jews
Jews
Survived
Have
Concentration Camps
This is for the Jews who were part of the Holocaust and the ones who were not. The bravery they showed. The courage for which they had. So they let their faith show and were loyal up until the end.
Fear for their lives
PASS IT ON
Life in Hiding
Nazi
Have
Hitler
Suffer
And

By: Megan Devine

A PLACE

Maybe there's a place where I was meant to go,
A place where life was different, where I wouldn't be so low.
If you could just imagine how this place would be,
If you'd just open your eyes, there'd be a sight to see.
For inside every person there is this special place,
It doesn't matter how you get there, there isn't any race.
Here there is no hatred , no fightings, no wars,
Where children can play safely, not behind locked doors.
Where love is not a mystery, and hate is unknown,
Where their is always laughter in place of a moan.
Where children are not dying, because war has taken over,
Where parents do not beat their kids because they're always sober.
Where their are no shootings and kindness fills the earth,
Where parents love their children and are not banned from birth.
Where racism, discrimination and prejudice die out
Where we can be successful, and live without a doubt.
This place is just a mystery that no one has yet found,
But I know that we will find it, sooner or later we are bound.
Maybe WE were meant to go there, maybe we didn't care,
Maybe this is an experience that all of us can share.

Christy Garcia
Kerry Wilson

Discrimination of the World

First of all I think discrimination is very wrong. I think the kinds of discrimination that exist today are people making fun of other people. Some reasons would be because of the color of their skin, or maybe just because they're different from everyone else. I mean some people just can't help it, and others just like being different. I'm different from everybody at school because I'm in a wheelchair, I mean I get made fun of once in awhile. Some kids at school think it would be kind of fun to ride in a wheelchair, other kids just kind of stare at me when I go by. One of my friends makes fun of me all the time, even though I don't really act like it bothers me, it makes me really mad sometimes. She says she does it because it's easy to make fun of me, which makes me even madder.

I think one of the major causes of discrimination is racism. Racism is a kind of discrimination. Racism is like calling a black person a Negro, which I think is very wrong. I also think blacks and whites should be treated the same way. The color of your skin doesn't matter, we should all be treated the same. It's just like Abraham Lincoln said, "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth a nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

One way to stop discrimination is to never start in the first place. Another way is for us to educate others and to be an example of how to treat others with respect.

If I were a victim of discrimination I would be kind of scared, because the person who is discriminating against me could have a knife at my throat, threatening to kill me. I would also be mad, because if someone is making fun of me I don't like it. I would also be kind of sad, because when someone makes fun of me it hurts my feelings.

The person that is discriminating against others should ask him/herself would I like it if someone were discriminating against me? Then, ask themselves if they should be discriminating against others. It's just like my Sunday school teacher always says, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I think that's very good advice. I also think there should be less discrimination in this world than there is today.

By Kristina Gehrls

A Short While

It's wonderful,
It hurts.
You have fun
But only temporaily,
finding new friends
But only able
To see them for a short while.
And then--
We're separated.
We send letters
And pictures,
But it's not the same.
Being with and
Writing to
Aren't the same.
So, my friends
Even though our time,
As always
Was limited!
So enjoy every moment!

Adam Gullion

Pain Within

Pain
Is sorrow, and hurt.
It's losing not winning.
It's crying not laughing.
Though you know it hurts,
You avoid,
Only to face it later.
You feel lost
In a different world,
With no happiness,
But all gloom
When suddenly,
The door opens
You are free to go,
But you can't
You're there,
Forever.

Adam Gullion

Fear

Fear creeps in through a window,
under a door.
The creaks of life
have all accumulated and only come out at night.
Trees sway
like huge monsters attacking.
Fear encloses and encircles us.
Trapped...
We are trapped
Help!
What are we going to do?
The power goes out.
Doors fly open
letting cold wind enter.
Run! Close it!
Seal yourself from the world
But wait!
Let no one see your fear.
Fight it!
Defeat fear,
or it will defeat you!
It's hard but neccessary.
You must always stand up to fear.
If you let it enter,
it may never leave.

Adam Gullion

Untitled

The bombing of the Chinese embassy shouldn't have been a mistake. they shouldn't blame a six year old map, a lot can happen in six years. The U.S. has the technology to upgrade these kind of things.

I'm afraid that relations between China and the United States will never be the same, relations between them and us were never good in the first place. I think because of the carelessness of the U.S. we are asking for WAR!!!

I think when President Clinton said stop the violence, the government is causing more problems in those countries; those problems are sending some kind of message to the American public.

The government has to stop and think that this will have long term damage. If you think about it, we are disturbing the peace and this is like Vietnam; this is not our battle to fight. We are sending young people as young as eighteen years old. Those people still have a life ahead of them with many opportunities.

I think President Milosevic kept those soldiers for security so that maybe we would stop the bombings.

I don't blame the Chinese people for protesting. I think we are just bringing the problems on to ourselves, and causing even more.

I think my opinion stands: I am very angry with our government right now. We have to realize so many people are suffering not only because of President Milosevic's actions but because of the actions of the United States.

Ashley Huettman

Too Late for Sorries

Quiet and cold, there I lie,
hands crossed, molded like clay.
It's time that I should wake,
but, I just lie there, looking fake.
People are crying all around me;
why is it that pain is all that I see?
The hole in the ground looks so cold,
hands on this cradle...take hold
I have a life yet to live;
my soul is not yet ready to give.
I cannot just lie here and die.
I haven't said I'm sorry and good-bye.
My mother, standing there crying...
does she know I died with us fighting?
My father, consoling and brave...
does he remember the anger I took to my grave?
Does my sister, the tears upon her face...
recall the times I put her in her place?
My best friend, I'd lied about the other day...
I cannot ask forgiveness, as before her, dead I lay.
I couldn't ask forgive life...its so many sorrows...
and chose instead to give up bright tomorrows..
I cannot now change the sorrowed path I tread;
there are no more sorries when you are dead.

Becci Irving

LIFE: GOOD LIFE, BAD LIFE

LIFE IS GOOD,
LIFE IS BAD.
LIFE IS HAPPY,
LIFE IS SAD.

LIFE IS LOTS OF WORK,
LIFE IS LOTS OF PLAY.
LIFE CAN BE A CHALLENGE,
LIFE IS LIVING EVERY DAY.

LIFE IS THE BEATING OF YOUR HEART,
LIFE IS TAKING EVERY BREATH.
LIFE IS HAVING YOUR TIME COME,
WHEN YOU MUST GO AND VISIT DEATH.

MITCH JANSEN

The Real Me

I look at you looking at me
I wonder what you see;
A girl who has her own mind,
Or someone who's trapped
and wants to be free;
A girl who's unique,
Or someone who wants to be
Like everyone else;
But I like who I am;
I wish you could see the real me,
Instead of what everybody else
wants me to be.

BY:Rachel Kieler

The Grave Digger

Many were the toils of the Grave Digger's life,
for it was filled with an emptiness and strife.
He kept to himself as much as he could.
During the ceremonies, alone he stood.
On one particular night late in June,
the air was filled with darkness and gloom.
He stood in the shadows, waiting to finish his task,
not knowing who was to occupy this cask.
At the funeral, his mother was there
sadly aware that the casket was bare.
As the casket was lowered into the ground,
he leaned over and looked down.
A name was etched along the side,
down he fell and from his lips he cried,
"Forsaking all else, to my job I was a slave;
with this knowledge, I dug my own grave."

Becci Irving

MY LITTLE DOVE

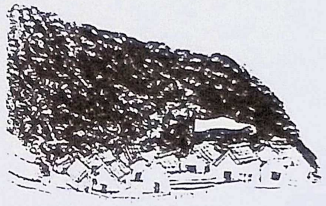
Where are you my love...
My one and only little dove?
You were here ,then you were gone
You left your stuff for me to grieve upon .
Although you're gone
I'll never let you move on .
When I first met you,
I thought we were one.
Now I can see I was totally wrong;
You threw me down
And stomped upon my face
Now I DO see you were not
My little dove.

Nikki Lamphier

Shades of Gray

The gray in the sky
was intimidating, energy draining
depressing, smashing.
It made you want to sleep.
If only you looked at it that way.
It was a nice day.

Josh Lane



CURRENTS

On that day the currents carried away... Some half way but me, I just let the current take me away.

Josh Lane

Trains to Nowhere

They load them now, onto the trains...

the babies, the young, the old with their canes.

I see them aboard through those rather large doors...
standing, unknowing, helpless, wanting so much more.

... a life most of them will never see again...
weddings, anniversaries, all of those could have been

If it wasn't for Hitler and his Nazi crew,
the Jews wouldn't be dying, murdered,

but who knew?

How could this happen to such a normal little town?
How could one man put so many in their graves so far down?

They load them now, onto the trains...

the babies, the young, the old with their canes.

They go to the death camps:
Auschwitz, Mauthausen,
Flossenburg, Stuthof,
Ravensbruk, Sachenhausen.

There they are separated from their closest of kin,
humiliated and exhausted...both physically and within.

Many will die; few will live to be free.

We are oh so lucky, both you and me.

Katie Leiting

Crush

I can't help my feelings for you,
I just wish that you could get the clues.
I hope for the day when we will be together,
And maybe this feeling could last forever.

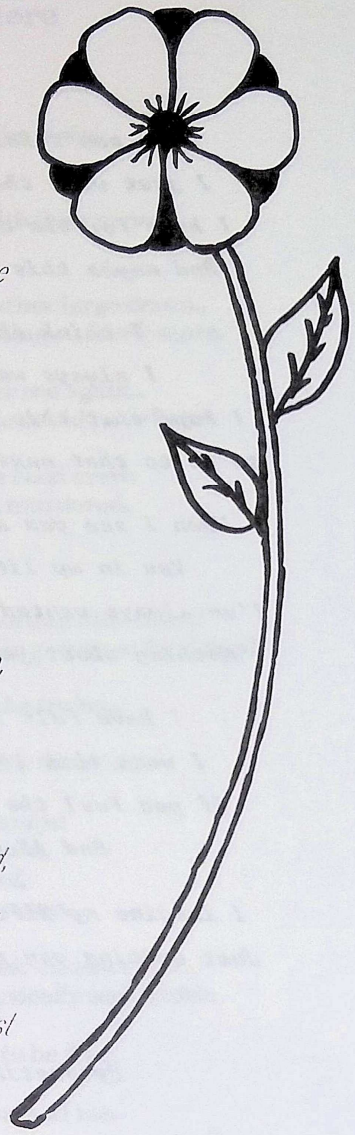
I think about you night and day.
I always wonder what you will say.
I hope that this friendship will soon advance,
to go to that next level, we will take a chance.

When I see you around my heart skips a beat,
You in my life would make it complete.
I've always wanted to tell you this face-to-face,
Nothing about you makes me feel out of place.

I have felt this way for sometime now,
I want this to work, but I don't know how.
If you feel the same way please let me know,
And if not, just tell me no.

I imagine my life with you and how it would be,
Just writing you this poem to tell you that, "you
complete me."

By:Justine Mason and Lana Holst



I'll be there

Although you may not love me

although you may not care.

If you shall ever need me,

you know that I'll be there.

Your love may all be taken.

Your heart may not be free.

But when your heart is broken,

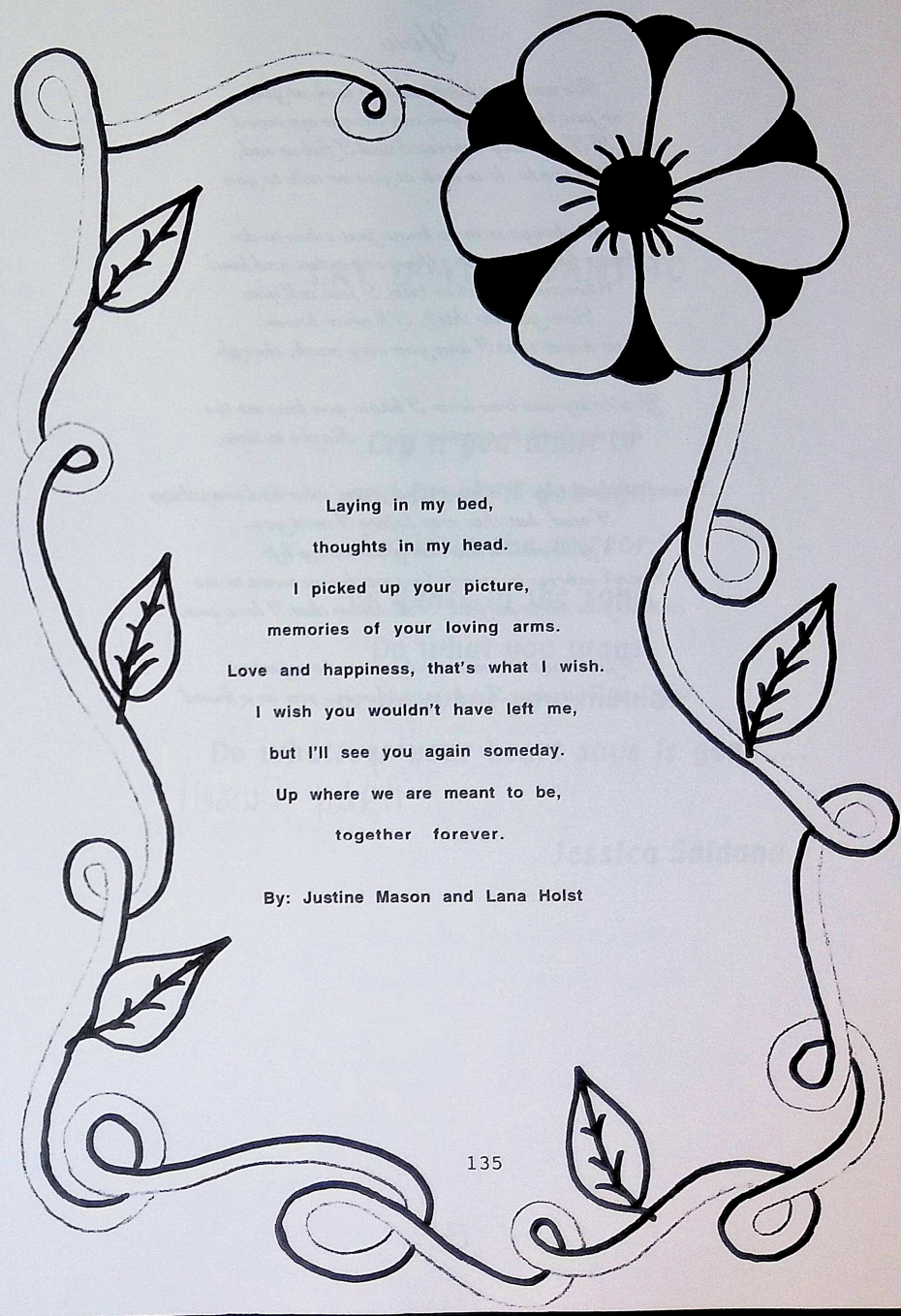
you can always lean on me.

I know because I've tried.

And all the oceans in the world,

can't hold the tears I've cried.

By:Justine Mason and Lana Holst



Laying in my bed,

thoughts in my head.

I picked up your picture,

memories of your loving arms.

Love and happiness, that's what I wish.

I wish you wouldn't have left me,

but I'll see you again someday.

Up where we are meant to be,

together forever.

By: Justine Mason and Lana Holst

You

It's amazing how just one look at you
or just talking to you can change my mood.
If I'm really depressed and I feel so sad,
all I have to do is look at you or talk to you.

You always seem to know just what to do.
You're like an angel. You're so sweet and kind.
Whenever I need to talk, I just call you.
How you do this? I'll never know.
I do know that I love you very much, though.

You're my one true love. I know you love me too,
but we can't be together now. Maybe in time.

I used to think that I'd never find a guy who had everything
I need, but that was before I meet you.
You've had such an effect on my life.
I can't express in words how much you mean to me
or how you make me feel. I do know that I love you.

I just have to wait until we can be together.
But until that day, I just enjoy having you as a friend.

by
Ashley Russell

CRY IF YOU WANT TO

Cry if you want to
and laugh if you can.
Smile in the mirror
or dance in the sand.
Do what you want
or do what you should.
Do whatever your heart says is good.....

Jessica Saldana

The Families Today

Our families come
from around the world.
Our hair is straight;
our hair is curled.
Our eyes are brown;
our eyes are blue.
Our skins are different colors, too.

Jessica Saldana

don't care.....

there's people out there
who don't care
there's people out there
who don't take a chance

but in the world today
you can only cash
in one glance

it shoots like a star
and it's so far

now close your eyes
and stay with me
that little shine in your eye
is more than you think

when you start to cry
don't make me say good-bye
with only a twinkle in your eye

Jessica Saldana

WHY VIOLENCE??

What are the problems with some kids these days?
They turn to violence for an answer when there are better ways.
Everyone is liable, everyone makes fun.
Sometimes it's too late when it is already done.
They often blame the parents, but I just can't see why.
The kids will make their own choices while the parents stand by and cry.
They have to punish someone, but it should be the teens; for the parents can only do so much if the kids choose to be mean.
The parents play a big role, which could also be a toll.
Teens have bad days, but maybe it's just a phase.
Thinking before doing always pays.
Now I'm going to leave you with this word, if you do good you will be heard!!

ASHLEY SCHWARZ

Fun at the Beach

Beaches are fun to lie in the sand;
you know you can get a tan.
Parties on the beach are fun;
you can lay by your hun,
and maybe get some sun,
It's great fun!
Take a peek at the beach during the week,
You can play the games;
you see they're not lame.
You can swim,
and maybe meet a guy named Jim,
You never know your name could be Kim.
At the end of the day when you're all beached out,
you'll go back and go all out!!!

By: Ashlee Stewart & Allison Strange

Ride of Life

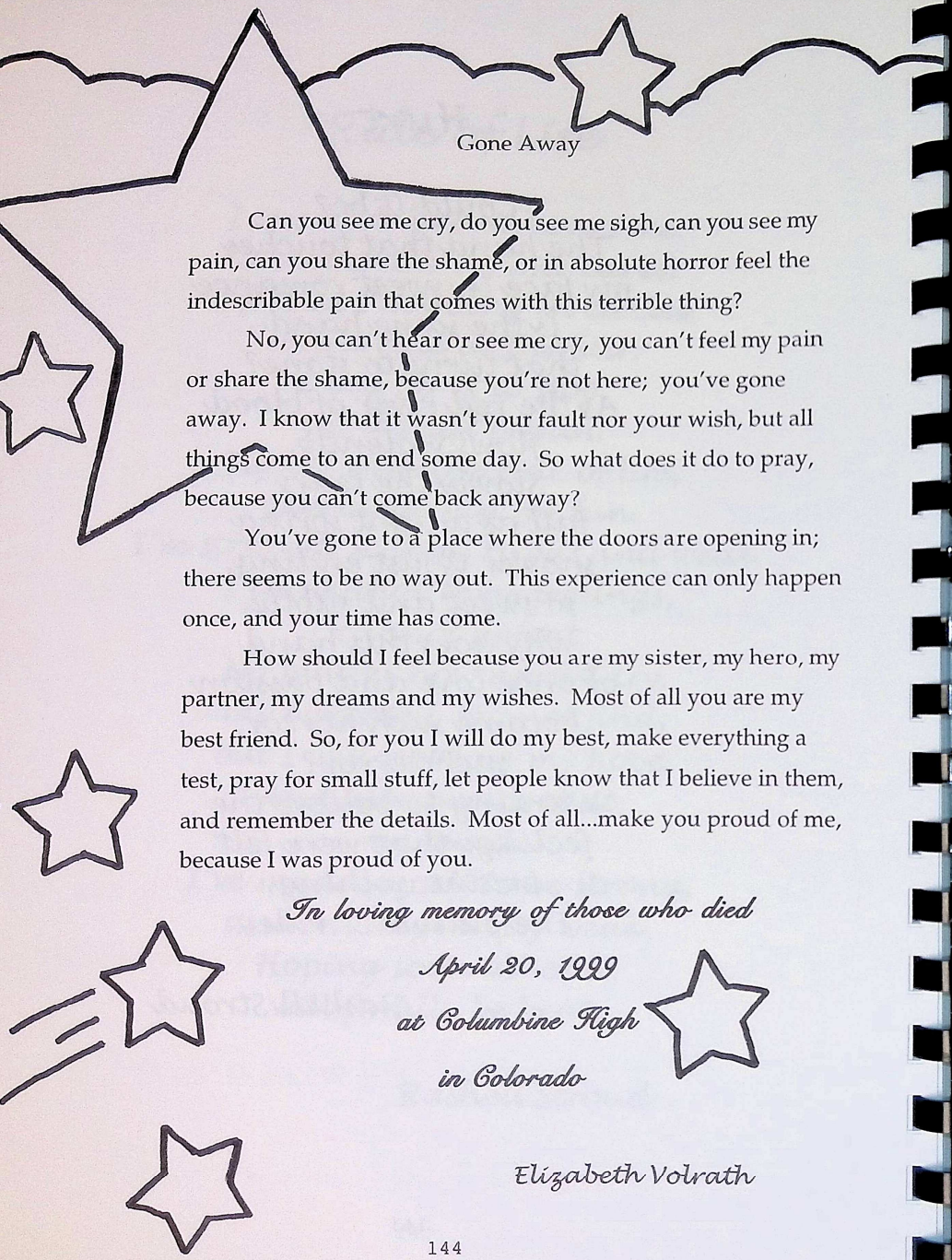
I cry and no one hears me.
It seems like no one cares.
I feel as I'm going in circles,
like a ride at the fair.
I beg for it to stop,
yet it's just begun.
Then I wish the ride of life,
was made just for fun.
I'm stressed, scared, tired, and weak.
I think that these feelings,
I cannot defeat.
No matter how hard I try,
my purpose I cannot find,
but I will not lose my hope.
And along with that,
my mind.
I've made myself to be strong,
and my negativity weak.
Hoping soon all of it,
will finally be beat.

Rashell Stroud

Hurt

Could it be?
The hand that touches
my face in sweet romance
is the same hand
that turns to stone?
As the red river of blood
flows violently.
Slowly the tears
fall as a light spring
shower is just ending,
so sweet and subtle.
Why does this hand
of once love and passion
become such horror,
such terror?
Wanting to believe the
feelings that were felt
meant nothing.
The pain over rules.

Rashell Stroud



Gone Away

Can you see me cry, do you see me sigh, can you see my pain, can you share the shame, or in absolute horror feel the indescribable pain that comes with this terrible thing?

No, you can't hear or see me cry, you can't feel my pain or share the shame, because you're not here; you've gone away. I know that it wasn't your fault nor your wish, but all things come to an end some day. So what does it do to pray, because you can't come back anyway?

You've gone to a place where the doors are opening in; there seems to be no way out. This experience can only happen once, and your time has come.

How should I feel because you are my sister, my hero, my partner, my dreams and my wishes. Most of all you are my best friend. So, for you I will do my best, make everything a test, pray for small stuff, let people know that I believe in them, and remember the details. Most of all...make you proud of me, because I was proud of you.

In loving memory of those who died

April 20, 1999

at Columbine High

in Colorado

Elizabeth Volrath

"Best Friends"

You always find a joy or fear,
In someone you hold so near.
When you realize that, in someone too,
Confusion will overcome the best of you.
You'll never know when to laugh or cry.
But that person will be there to get you by.
Someone will take more than what they give,
But they'll be there to teach them to live.
Someone will criticize and put you down,
But they'll be there to get you to town.
Your best friends you do love,
Your broccoli... you definitely shove.
But in the end, you'll just have to send
A letter of joy, about your first boy.
Your again together at last,
And now it's time for you to have a blast.
No one knows this bout in your heart,
You and your best friend will never be apart.

-Susan Wentzloff

"Never Doubt"

I'm going to tell you a story. It's a story about a man, a man and his family. It takes place nine years ago on July 26, about 8:00 p.m. Mark and Jessica are finally completing their "will", after months of aggravating decisions.

"Almost done," says Jessica. "We just need to put down who gets the kids if we both die."

"Do you think we really need to worry about it?" replies Mark, "I really don't think that's going to happen for quite a while."

"Yes, of course! You never know what's going to happen!" shrilled Jessica.

"Okay, okay, how about your uncle Jim. He's willing to take them."

"Yeah, I think Jim's a good choice he'll be happy when we tell him . . . knock on wood."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it's just a superstition," answers Jessica. "You say it so that whatever you don't want to happen that your talking about , doesn't."

"Oh, I don't believe in that crap."

After they were finished they decided to tuck their three children into bed and they went to sleep themselves.

On July 27, at around 5:30 a.m., Mark got up to get ready for work. He worked in Tipton, Iowa, so he had to drive about forty-five minutes to the electrical company he worked for. Mark left the house about ten minutes before 6:00. About ten minutes after 6:00 Mark got a pain in his chest. The pain was so immense that he lost control of the car, and drove off the road. Mark drove through a barbed wire fence and landed in a corn field. A few minutes later a lady from Mark's work drove by. She recognized his totaled station wagon and went for help. The EMTs arrived at the scene and could not resuscitate Mark. They flew Mark by helicopter to Iowa City where he was pronounced "Dead On Arrival," meaning he died before he even got to the hospital. He suffered a severe

coronary heart attack.

* * *

Back in Eldridge, Jessica and her kids were visited by Marty Stolmier, Chief police of Eldridge. He came to their two bedroom apartment, and Jessica let him in. He asked if they could go somewhere else and talk. Jessica was a bit confused but said "all right" and led him into the kitchen.

When Marty began speaking to Jessica she was astonished at what she was allowing her ears to hear. My husband is dead! This is not possible. She jumped up screaming, knocking a chair over so hard it went crashing to the floor. She began to cry. Sobbing, she raced toward her kids. Picking up her thirteen month old baby, she told her two girls to come with her. The youngest daughter's appalled face, streaming eyes with tears, followed her mother almost like a zombie resenting the grotesque news she was about to hear. The oldest daughter followed her footsteps confused about all that was happening. Wondering if she really needed to hear this despisingly putrid telegram her mother was going to burden her with.

"Okay, kids. I'm sorry I have to tell you this, but your father's dead," Jessica choked out through her thick endless flowling tears. The two younger children began bawling even more. They knew they would never see their father again once they heard this news. The oldest daughter, at the age of seven, surprisingly, did nothing. Not even one teardrop filled her wide, bright blue eyes. I'm sorry to say but even in these almost ten years she hasn't once cried. She had not the slightest resentment about this fact in her life. For- at least I think- she lives in fear and denial, that someday it will happen again to someone else she loves.

Later that day the children were taken away by friends of the family, in order for Jessica to prepare for Mark's funeral. Jessica spent the next three days deciding how she was going to share her last moments with her soul mate. When he was to be buried in the dark, cold, uninviting ground 6 feet under.

The funeral was good. The little girls and the boy didn't go. Jessica knew it would be to hard for all of them. On July 31, 1989 Mark William Wentzloff was buried at the Rock Island Arsenal Cemetery. Looking at his coffin, covered with an American Flag, saying their good-byes and last respects is his loving, beautiful wife Jessica, her three children- Rachel, Susan, and Andrew, Along with Bryan Johnson, a close friend of the family. Unfortunately, none of his immediate family could make it. They all lived in Chicago. The last few minutes of the burial ceremony were silent. When those minutes were up, Jessica looked in the dark, rainy sky and said, "What a nice birthday present." It happened to be Jessica's thirty-sixth birthday.

Yes, this was my family that this unforgettable tragedy occurred in. No, I will never be able to cope with the understanding of why God chose to take my father's life.

In my fourteen years I have lived, I've had a recurring dream on July 26, nine of them. This year will probably be ten. I dream about the burial ceremony. Unfortunately, I remember it all, what we were wearing, where we were standing, what was being said. Except, now I'm looking at it from a distance.

Since this has happened I have became a superstitious person. You might think it's stupid, but I really don't care. All I have to say to you is "be careful," you never know what's going to happen. It could just happen to you. It happened to me. I thought everything was going great, too. We just moved to Eldridge in May, my dad got a new job, and my baby brother just got over being sick. Never doubt . . . .

- Susan Wentzloff

Shoebox Sunset

I have a shoebox, just an ordinary box.
Nothing special about it really, except for you gave it to me when I was eight.
Inside my old shoebox I keep pictures of me and you, and some things that we've picked up from the places we've been.

I've shared my whole life with you.
We've been through everything together one time, then two.
You taught me how to drive a car.
You taught me how, but, we didn't get far till you said...
I know you're stressed out from life right now, and it's allright to cry.

Three months to the day I was shot and almost killed.
You came to me as soon as you heard.
You held me and you said...
I know you're scared and hurt right now, and it's allright to cry.

I picked up the phone to call and talk to you but nobody answered.
Later that night the police called with some bad news.
They said, your friend is really sick right now and is not going to make it.

I came to you right away.
As I entered the hospital I started running to your room.
When I opened the door, you motioned for me.
I came to your side and hugged you.
You said to me...
I know your heart is torn right now, so is mine, and it's allright to cry.

I guess what really got me was when the line on the beeping machine went flat.

Now as I look up at the stars at night I know you are looking down on me and watching.
I can hear you in the wind.
You're in my heart, mind, and soul.
Just don't forget that...
it's allright to cry.

Kathi Weston

"One Mistake, Hundreds Devastated"
by
Sarah Hayungs

He was the star of the varsity basketball team. That is, until he got in a car accident.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Jimmy Carroll was 17 when it happened. Gary, his friend, was throwing a party at his own house. Jimmy's best friend Mike agreed to go. He wanted Jimmy to go too.

"Sure," Jimmy said, "it's not like my parents are home to stop me."

Jimmy's parents were in Mexico on vacation.

"Great, the party's at 7:00 tonight," Mike exclaimed, "Be there!"

When they got there, the first thing that came to Jimmy's mind was the smell of beer. He recalled what his mother had told him about alcohol. He kept telling himself to stay cool, just don't have any drinks.

He was doing fine, for awhile, but later, he was dying of thirst. He saw some punch and grabbed a giant glass. Little did he know it had alcohol in it.

"Oh, this is good," Jimmy called out. He went back for another glass.

Through the night he had consumed 8 glasses of punch. It didn't affect him until the police burst into the house. He got dizzy and everything was blurred. He knew that if his parents found out he was at the party, they would kill him. Not really, but he knew he'd be grounded for at least one whole year.

He wandered through the house trying to make out an exit from the house. He saw some people running towards something and he joined in. It was a doorway to the outside. He burst out the door and ran to his car. He was out of there like a cheetah. He got into his car and zoomed down the street hoping the police wouldn't get his license plate number. He didn't stop at the stop signs because he couldn't see them, and the street was blurred. He looked down at his watch; he thought it said 7:00 A.M., but it was only 11:35 P.M..

"I have basketball practice!" he shouted.

He raced down the streets trying to find the high school.

Somehow he managed to make it to the highway. As he was getting off the ramp, he swerved into the side of a semi and spun into the ditch. His car caught on fire and minutes before Jimmy died, his whole life flashed

before his eyes. The last thing he saw was the punch bowl, with a tag reading "spiked."

Jimmy's parents rushed home to see his last basketball game, but instead they got a funeral. They were devastated, along with many others who knew and loved Jimmy.

So next time you go to a party, make sure you know what you're drinking, or else your name will be added to the list of deaths caused by drunk driving and you will be the one that caused it.

"A Very Special Place"

The place I am looking for makes me smile
I will be there forever or maybe a little while

In this place no one will cry
In this place no one will lie

But I really don't know where this place is yet
I'll probably find it soon I bet

Is it heaven, or home, or even my room
I want to know where it is and I want to know soon

Is it that happy place where everyone says "hi"
Or is it the place that makes me wonder why

Is it the place where I sit down and eat my dinner
Or maybe it's the place where I know I'm a sinner

I wonder if this place is happy or sad
Could it also be good or maybe even bad

Is it the place I go and hang with my friends
Maybe just maybe it's the store with lots of cool trends

Somewhere, someday I will find that special place
I guess for now it will have to seem as if I was running a very important race.

By:
Tara Tague
'99

"Too Much Fun"
by
Jamie Kresin

On a cold, rainy night in September my best friend Samantha was begging me to go to her friend Sally's house. Sally is a druggie who always looks like she is half dead. I can't stand being around her, but Sam thinks she is so cool, along with all of her other deadbeat friends that lay around with no tan or any colorful clothing. Well, Sam has been my best friend since the 3rd grade. We are still best friends, but she is changing. She has been hanging out with this new group that call themselves the Warriors. Most people fear them because they are in gangs from different cities and carry around weapons at school.

I decided I would go with her for awhile. I mean, she is my best friend. She wouldn't force me to do anything. Oh, but I was wrong! We got there and they were all sitting around smoking. I almost left, but I kept my cool. Besides, Sam wasn't smoking so I figured we would be okay, but that's when they pulled out the real drugs.

I couldn't believe it when Sam took some. Then she offered me some. I said no and they all started laughing at me! Sam told me if I wouldn't do the drugs then I should leave. So I left.

When I got home I was so confused and upset. I tried to relax, but I was so furious with Sam. Finally, somehow, I fell asleep. The ringing of the phone woke me. It was Sally. She was talking so fast. All I heard was Sam...drugs...get here fast.

I was so mad, but Sam was my best friend. When I got to Sally's all of her "so-called" friends had deserted Sam in the bathroom with a puddle of blood around her head and I thought she was dead. I ran over to her and told her that the ambulance was on the way. She was still alive, but barely talking. She had sniffed too many drugs and her nose was bleeding. She managed to speak and say that she was sorry and that she just wanted to be cool and fit in. She also told me I was a great friend to her. The ambulance got there and rushed her to the hospital.

The next morning at 6:00 a.m. the doctor had come out and told me that she had too high of a drug overdose and she had died. Sally never showed up or even cared about Sam. When the police questioned her she said, "They were just having a little fun." I couldn't believe she could say something like that.

Sam's life was taken away and they call doing drugs "having a little fun." Next time you wanna have a little fun, remember Sam and think of the consequences.

Death

Death is such a tragedy
Tears and kleenex everywhere
It's just so hard to say goodbye
It just makes me want to cry
Life is not a really long time
Do what you can before you die
I'd like to live forever...
with you and me together
I guess the point is...
look ahead in life,
and you will see...
LIFE isn't such a tragedy

By: Jenny Paxton

Last time No good bye.

Why did you have to go so soon,
Without even saying goodbye.
Why did it have to happen like this,
Why wasn't there one more day,
for me to say goodbye.

I was so sorry I couldn't say,
All of those years I've never told you.
Thinking you'd never believe its true.
If only there were one more day,
for me to say I love you.

I know that you are gone,
i'll never let my life go on.
I'll always cry when thinking of you,
I'm sorry I never got the chance to do.
If only there were one more day,
forme to say I love you.

By : Jennifer Moses
5/17/99

Stick with you'r loved ones as long as possible when they need you. . They are the most valuable thing in you'r life you never know when you might miss place them.

Could You Survive This?
by
Chelsea Schwarz

Walking, walking, walking 'till you can't walk anymore,
even if your feet are sore.
Waking to a dawn's new day,
Wondering if you will last 'till the next day.

Your beloved family is lost,
You ask, "Why do I have to pay this cost?"
You feel that you can't last any longer,
But the worst is just getting stronger.
A soldier put a gun to your forehead,
Because you asked for a simple slice of bread.

You feel like you're going to die today,
But you ask God, "No, please, not this way!"
You could be in Kosovo now,
But you ask, "How?"
Right now life could be making you feel
like you're being weighed down by tons,
But we're the fortunate ones.

If your day is going miserably
and you're mad at so and so
think about how life would be
in Kosovo.

"Gone in an Instant"

by

Krystal Gorsh

"Oh my gosh! I just can't believe he asked me to marry him," said Bridget in a hyper voice. "I mean we've been going out for 6 months, but I'm still so shocked." Bridget called her best friend, Ally, the day after Charlie asked Bridget to marry him.

"Congratulations, Bridget! I'm so happy for you! When did he ask you?" asked Ally.

"He asked me yesterday around 2:00 p.m.," Bridget responded.

"Hey, Ally, I have to ask you this important favor. I mean if you don't day yes I don't know what to do. Will you be my Maid of Honor?"

"Of course I will! I wouldn't miss this wedding!" said Ally in an excited shriek.

"So, when is it?"

"Well, let me see. Today is the 13th of April, so we planned it to be this weekend on the 17th."

"That soon?" said Ally in a shocked tone.

"Yeah, well we just want to elope and have a quick ceremony in Las Vegas. After that we just get a limousine to take us to the airport . From the airport we head to Hawaii for our honeymoon," said Bridget in an anxious attitude. "See you then. Bye!"

"Bye!"

It happened all so fast that Bridget and Charlie were in their limo heading towards the plane. The plane ride was very fast. This was Bridget's first time riding in an airplane. When they took off it felt weird to Bridget.

Finally, they arrived in Hawaii. Boy, what a beautiful sight. Surrounding most of Hawaii was gorgeous palm trees, and bright luscious flowers. Hawaiian people greeted them with lovely flower necklaces.

Later that day they took a canoe into the Pacific Ocean. Boy, what an adventure they had. They had a brunch on the island, swam, and scuba-dived in the aqua-blue water.

Before they knew it, night had fallen. They packed up all of their belongings and headed back to the shore. The waves started to roar. Fear overcame them with a thought of a hurricane setting in.

All of a sudden a gigantic wave hit the canoe, throwing Bridget, Charlie, and the rest of their belongings into the ocean. Charlie popped his head above the water frantically searching from side to side.

All of a sudden he sees something pop out of the water. With relief, he thinks he's found his wife. Suddenly he realizes it's a shark! He dives under the water to find his wife. Just then he sees her. He starts to swim toward her. The shark came into his vision. Just as he was starting to get closer to her, the shark attacked her right before his won eyes. Then the shark swam away.

To this day, he still lives in Hawaii with a house full of memories and pictures of his wife, Bridget. From that day on, he never remarried. That day will haunt him for the rest of his life.

Differences Do Not Matter

by: Hans Schnekloth

I don't think it is right to make fun of people just because they are different. People had no say over anything about themselves when they were born nor did anyone else. God chose how they should look, what family they would live with, and how they would act, etc. He didn't want people wanting to look like somebody else because *that's how he made them.*

People shouldn't criticize others who are different because that's just plain mean, and besides *everyone is different in some way.* If everybody was the same it would be an extremely boring world.

Everyone deserves to be treated equally. I myself have been guilty of treating people wrong a couple of times, but I am working on it. I am pretty sure that nobody will ever be treated equal all the time, or treat others equally all the time; but hey, it's worth a shot.

THE END

"Life Above"

I wonder what it's like in Heaven.

Are there kind, thoughtful people there?

Are there curfews 'till eleven?

Are there puffy white clouds everywhere?

Can you see the gently scattered stars?

Do the angels of Heaven love?

Can you see the brilliant moon?

From your world above.

Why do people cease?

Can't we all just stay?

Could Earth keep it's people if there were peace?

Should we wait for a brighter day?

If you really want to know what it's like,

In our world above;

My child...just make peace...

And always remember to LOVE!

by
Stephanie Asmussen

Boredom

Boredom is lonely
Boredom is cold
Boredom leaves you feeling old

So do something about it
Get up and go play
Now I've given you advice
What more can I say?

Head for the movies
Head for the mall
Don't sit around waiting for someone to call

The places you can go
The people you can meet
The things you could do if you'd just get up on your feet

Life is so short
Do something fun
Go spend the day out in the sun

So go find an old friend
Quit being a bore
You'll find something to do
After all, isn't that what friends are for?

By Ashly Kotecki

"Letter to Lacy"

by
Krista Leigh

Dear Lacy,

Hi! I need to write this to you even though I know you'll never get it.

As you know, Lacy, you and I have been best friends since preschool. Now we are sophomores in high school. I was going to pick you up, Lacy, after I got done working at Happy Joe's. We were going to the mall.

You see, Lacy, you should've just been getting home from your work, too. I was just about to pick you up when I got a phone call from your brother, Eric. I thought he was going to remind me to pick you up or something like that. What he said was, "Lacy's been in a car accident."

Those words made my whole body go numb. I shook the whole way as I sped to the hospital. You dying never once did cross my mind. You were way too good of a friend, and you were way too young (we were only 16). I just hoped that your face wouldn't be disfigured and that you would be out in a couple of days.

Once I got to the hospital I learned along with your family and Wendi (your other best friend) that you were in intensive care and were going to be air lifted to another hospital. By that time it was late, so I had to go home, but next thing tomorrow I was going to see you. That night I couldn't sleep. Everything around me reminded me of you, so I cried the whole night.

The next day the doctors said you were still in a coma, but if I talked to you, Lacy, you could probably hear me. I tried to sound like nothing was wrong, I tried that is.

Lots of our friends sent you flowers and stuff. Wendi went to the church and lit thirty candles (your lucky number).

That night while I was at home I got a phone call that you were going to be all right. I felt so relieved. I couldn't lose you because I was an only child and I've known you for so long, you were like my sister. my parents even bought you Christmas gifts. Your brother, Eric, was like my brother. I went to bed that night thinking you would be O.K..

The next day I didn't go to the hospital right away. Though now I wish I would have. When I got there, I noticed that your whole family was crying. When I asked what was wrong, your mom replied, "Lacey's dead!"

I immediately fell to the ground in shock. At first I thought I was dreaming. Then I started crying. I wanted you back so-oooo bad! The room spun. I felt detached from my body, as if the pain of this startling reality was too much to bear.

After they took the tubes and stuff out of you they let me see you once more. I know, Lacy, that you are still with me and that I should cherish every second I have because I never know when something could happen. I know that God must have something wonderful waiting for you. My faith has also risen, because if I didn't believe in God and heaven, where would you be? Heaven has got to be beautiful with you there. I know when my time comes, I'll be looking for you!

Love Always,
Juanita Dustins

Kimberly's Swim Dream

By Kristen Moss

Early in June, Kimberly Cook was starting her summer swimming lessons. Kimberly loved swimming and had taken lessons for six years. She was now in her last year of swimming lessons, and was going to make this the best one. Kimberly was only 10 1/2 years old. She was determined to become a professional swimmer. Of course, her parents thought she should be an engineer. That was the last thing Kimberly wanted to do.

Kimberly also really wanted a puppy and every once in awhile she would cry herself to sleep. She absolutely adored puppies. She even thought about being a veterinarian. That was the second choice for a job on her list. "Maybe she would try and earn a pet," she thought, "I could get on a swimming team and earn a puppy by doing really well." That was a great idea.

She asked her parents and they said, "Of course!" It would take a little time, but who cares.

About three months later Kimberly was on the swim team and was doing her very best. A week from tomorrow would be her first competition.

The day before her first competition she arrived late to practice. Kimberly gathered her stuff as her mother tried to rush her. Kimberly had been reading a book "The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe." It was one of her favorite books, and she was almost done reading it.

As soon as she got to the girl locker room at the swimming pool she threw her stuff down on the ground. Kimberly heard a crash like a glass window or something break. She turned around and looked at the floor in disbelief. Her goggles lay on the ground in a billion pieces. What would she do? She could not buy another because she had no time, and she could not borrow a pair for she did not know who to borrow a pair of goggles from. She would have to go without. "It also could be dangerous," she thought, "but at least I did not break my arm or something really bad." Kimberly had no idea what lay ahead of her.

That night, Kimberly was so excited and nervous she did not get enough sleep. "What if I get last place?" "What if I run into the person next to me?" "Will I get disqualified or eliminated for something I did wrong?" She sure hoped that would not happen.

The next day, she nervously and excitedly made her way to the girl's locker room, she changed into her swimming suit, and walked to the bench

next to the pool. Kimberly could easily find her parents in the bleachers. They were sitting at the very top. Race after race Kimberly got more and more nervous.

Finally, Kimberly along with the other girls her age, hesitantly walked to the pool as they announced the race she was to be in, which would be the last race that day.

She kept asking herself odd questions. "Will I win? Will I lose? Will I do well enough to earn a puppy?" She jumped into the pool to get used to the water. "Is it me?" she asked herself, "or is this water extremely hot?" She climbed back out and positioned herself on the edge.

"Ok," she said, "I can do this."

"Give up!" replied the nasty person next to Kimberly. Kimberly just ignored her.

"On your marks, get set, go!" the official yelled and they were off.

Kimberly put all her strength into her dive and held her eyes closed as she was under the water. Already her eyes were getting sore and very blurry from opening them so often to see where she was in the pool. You could say she was doing pretty well for her first competition.

She got to the far side of the pool and turned around splendidly. Kimberly was doing really, really well. Kimberly could hear her parents cheering her on.

The chlorine in her eyes made the wall look like it was further away than it really was. Right at that same moment, she was about five feet in front of the second place person. She looked up one last time and thought the wall was seven to eight feet in front of her, which it really was not.

All of a sudden Kimberly hit the hall and for a split second wondered what had happened. The crowd gasped as Kimberly sank to the bottom. She lost consciousness and was in grave danger.

Suddenly, someone from the stunned crowd jumped in to rescue Kimberly. The pool was 10 feet deep. The person dived to the bottom as fast as her legs could kick. She grabbed Kimberly and pushed her way back to the top. Kimberly's parents were worried to death and so were the other parents, teachers, and even the other young adult swimmers. Kimberly was escorted to the nearest hospital in a matter of minutes.

After Kimberly regained consciousness and strength, Kimberly was told that she would never again swim like she used to. She did not expect to hear anything so terribly wrong with herself. She had broken a bone in her spine when her head crashed into the wall. The injury would disable her for the rest of her life. She would always have to use a special pair of crutches or ride in a wheelchair. This did not stop her from doing anything.

Kimberly's parents went to the garage to get one of her Christmas presents. It was a small box with a note on it that said, "With love, To Kim." She opened the box and inside was the cutest puppy she had ever seen. Her dream of owning a puppy was now a reality, and maybe her dream of becoming a vet would someday become a reality too.

Memories of Yesterday

Running around getting scrapes on my knees
Skipping through grass with flowers and the bees
Getting sent to my room and slamming the door
Parents lecturing me about a clean floor
Singing a song, making the words as I go
As I write precious memories flow
Happy memories I hold on to
Ones to erase are the ones that are blue
Every day new memories are made
When I am old, sweet memories parade.

by Christina Harrington

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